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JOAN OF ARC

MOONEY





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JOAN OF ARC

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By
JOHN A. MOONEY, LL.D.

FOREWORD
By
BLANCHE MARY KELLY



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FOREWORD

The story told in this book is one of the most remarkable in the history of the world. Even naturally speaking, it is without parallel that a young, slight girl, an unlettered peasant, should step out of her obscurity and within the space of a few weeks should gain the ear of princes, the love and faith of a people, should rally a demoralized and defeated army, outmatch in strategy battle-seasoned warriors, and having restored a king to a rescued throne, go down herself to defeat and death.

It is a story that has appealed to many pens, that has occasioned mockery and irreverence, and that many writing in all reverence have sought to explain on natural grounds. But if we are to accept any explanation at all, it must be that of Joan herself, namely, that she was "the child of God," His prophet, His Maid, His avenger, raised up at His good pleasure to do a given task in a given way. Without the Catholic Faith, she is inexplicable. More than on her sword, she relied on the Mass; more than bread, the sacraments were her sustenance.

During the centuries since her death Joan has stood as the symbol of France, *douce France la*

belle, the France of God and His Church. As religion declined and patriotism became submerged in internationalism, devotion to Joan waned; as the national spirit revived men rallied to the standard of the Maid of Orléans as they had rallied in her life-time, and to all that standard stood for, "everything that a good Christian should love." It is not too much to say that the devotion to her propagated by the works of one man, Charles Péguy, was not only instrumental in saving France in the Great War, but in saving many a soul alive that would otherwise have perished.

For since these chapters, written from Joan's own standpoint, were first published we have been given to see great things; we have seen France again invaded by the enemy, Rheims, the beloved and the effigy of Joan herself, made targets of attack; we have seen France saved again, who shall doubt through what intervention of the Maid, and finally we have seen the all but final step in the process of her canonization taken by the Church to which her final appeal was made. Do not think that it is by mere poetic justice that this year shall see her raised to the honors of the altar. That is here which was manifest throughout her life—the finger of God.

It is by something more than poetic justice, too, that these papers are given their share in the work of rehabilitation. Something of the fire of Joan's own chivalry pervades them, as well

as something of that hunger and thirst for justice that has finally accorded her her place among those

“White Horsemen, who ride on White Horses, the Knights of God.”

Dr. Mooney's fine scholarship and charm of style were never better exemplified than in this tribute to Joan of Arc, virgin and martyr.

BLANCHE MARY KELLY.

New York, 1919.

Feast of St. Joan of Arc.

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JOAN OF ARC

I

FROM DOMREMY TO CHINON

"Jesu! Jesu! Jesu!" Ten thousand hear the piteous cry; and, through pity, some swoon; others, remorseful, shiver; many weep and moan. The soft-hearted have already fled. A gust of wind parts the greedy flames, disclosing the figure of a young girl. Upon a crucifix her eyes are fixed; a crucifix held aloft, outside the circle of the crackling fire, by a priest. Now the girl is hidden from sight, by the fagots' ruddy blaze, rising higher and higher. Even the hardened English soldiers blench, as the scent of burning flesh is diffused. Again, out of the fire, a voice issues; a firm, a confident voice: "My mission was from God. Jesu! Jesu!"

The end is near. Only agony could inspire the beseeching cry: "Water! blessed water!"—a vain cry. Not a man or woman, though human feeling prompted, dare risk the proffer of a single drop of water to soothe the victim's soul or body. One English soldier responded to the

appeal by flinging a dry fagot into the glowing fire. Choking, dying, once more the voice invokes the Saviour: "Jesu! Jesu!" and the writhing girl's last breath is expended in uttering that dear name: "Jesu!"

The executioner gathers up the remains. A few bones he finds, and a little dust. These he looked for; but with terror does he perceive a heart; and he trembles as, touching it, he feels it warm; warm, not with the faint heat exhaled from wood-ashes, but with that generous ardor that smoulders in the embers of the Saint. Trusting not to the piled up fagots, he had nourished the flames with oil and sulphur. The heart should have been burned to a crisp. Now he remembers that, before mounting the pyre, the girl-victim had besought the bystanders to give her a cross; and that, none being at hand, a gentle English soldier had formed one, roughly, out of a couple of bits of a stick. Kissing this rude cross devoutly, she had placed it over her heart, close to her flesh! The wooden cross was no more; but the heart it had pressed, remained. Was this a sign? Neither the executioner, nor the curious onlookers, who wondered with him, dare say yes. Bones, ashes, and even the heart, were cast into the River Seine. An English cardinal, the cardinal of Winchester, so ordered.

Did this young girl deserve the punishment and the indignities meted out to her on the

thirtieth of May, 1431, in the market-place of Rouen? Return with me to the scaffold! To yonder tall, charred stake, she was tied. Surmounting the stake is an inscription, still legible. Thus it reads: "Jeanne, who named herself the Maid, a liar, a pernicious woman, a deceiver of the people, a sorceress, a superstitious woman, a blasphemer of God, a presumptuous woman, an unbeliever, a boaster, an idolatrous, a cruel, a dissolute woman, an invocatrix of devils, apostate, schismatic and heretic." If the inscription be true, Jeanne, who named herself the Maid, was punished justly. But if the inscription were a lie! Lie it was; every word a lie; and the men who devised the inscription were liars, pernicious men, deceivers of the people, presumptuous and cruel. To-day, better than ever, we know the truth about Jeanne the Maid; and for the sake of truth, men of every land love to tell her story; and, most of all, those who, like her, glory in the cross, and believe and trust in Him whom her burning lips greeted, as her pure soul flew heavenward.

How did it happen that English soldiers played leading parts in the painful scene we have just witnessed; and why did an English cardinal lend his presence to the burning of Jeanne, the Maid, in the market-place of Rouen? A complete answer to these questions would be the history of a hundred years of war between Eng-

lish and French kings. When William the Conqueror, Duke of Normandy, seized the English crown, he did not renounce his Norman duchy; and, after his death, his successors on the throne of England claimed the Norman dukedom as a right. Nor was this claim rejected by the French kings, who, however, required that, as dukes of Normandy, the English sovereigns should do homage, presenting themselves before the French kings, bareheaded, and without gloves, sword or spurs, as a mark of vassalage. In the course of time, through prudent marriages, the kings of England increased their possessions on the soil of France, acquiring and controlling a territory larger than that subject to the kings of France. A vassal more powerful than his lord was a vassal to be feared. So Philip Augustus wisely argued; and he proved his conclusion true by dispossessing the English of three of their fiefs, leaving them but one, Guyenne. Of even this province, Philip the Fair deprived them a century later; though, imagining that generosity could temper avarice, he made the mistake of returning it.

Occasional intermarriages between the members of the English and French royal families should have assured the peace of both countries, but had no such effect. Indeed, one of these marriages brought only war and disaster upon France; for, upon the death of Charles the Fair,

in 1328, Edward III. of England claimed the French throne as the heir of his mother, Isabella, the sister of Charles and of his predecessor, Philip V., known as the Long. Not confining himself to mere wordy demands, Edward invaded France with a well-equipped and well-trained army, and at Crécy (August 28, 1346) inflicted a grievous defeat upon the French. Philip VI. lost the port of Calais, and no French king recovered it until two centuries had passed. The Black Prince, Edward, proved a scourge more terrible than his father, Edward III. At Poitiers, ten years after Crécy, he vanquished an army in whose ranks the most valiant among the nobility of France fought to the death. There, too, he made a prisoner of the King, John II., who, six years earlier, had succeeded Philip VI. A prisoner on English soil John remained during more than half of the eight following years.

His son, Charles V., showed more wisdom and more courage than his father, and with the aid of that romantic knight, Bertrand du Guesclin, drove the English out of almost all the territories they had seized during the preceding reign. Dying in 1380, he left a son but eleven years old to succeed him. At the age of twenty this son, as Charles VI., assumed the sovereignty that, during his minority, had been exercised by his uncles, the Dukes of Berry and of Burgundy,

but his administration of the royal power was short lived. Within four years of his elevation to the throne he lost the kingdom of his mind, not without cause, and the mad semblance of a king he remained for full thirty years.

When Charles VI. was practically dethroned, his eldest son, Louis, being a minor, ruled but nominally until his death in December, 1415. Then his brother John, also a minor, succeeded to the vain authority he inherited, and, on his death in 1417, Charles, the youngest son of the insane Charles, acquired a title which, though it must have gratified a youth of fourteen, made him no more powerful than his brothers had been.

Since his father's misfortune twenty-five years had elapsed; twenty-five years of ill fortune. Ambitious nobles, contending for the control of the persons of the young princes and for the possession of Paris, then as now the heart of France, had divided the people into warring factions. Seeing their chance, the English attempted to recover their lost territories. Indeed they hoped to gain the crown that Edward III. ambitioned. Led by the aspiring and gallant Henry V. a powerful army disembarked near the port of Harfleur on August 14, 1415. After a month's siege Harfleur capitulated. Around the French princes the chivalry of France rallied only to meet at Agincourt a defeat no less

calamitous than that of Crécy or of Poitiers (October 25). Still the English king feared to risk an advance and returned home to prepare for a new invasion.

One of the most puissant and daring French nobles lent no aid to his country at Agincourt—John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy. His father, Philip the Bold, had striven for supremacy in national affairs during the minority of the oldest son of Charles VI., thus opposing the clever but debauched Duke of Orléans. In the face of a rival, John was less timid than his father. He did not hesitate to connive at the murder of Orléans, and by this crime not only weakened his own position but also disrupted the country. Out of revenge the son of Orléans took the field and with him a powerful Southern noble, to whom he was allied by marriage, Bernard, Count d'Armagnac. In Paris and elsewhere the people were by turn Burgundians or Armagnacs, as interest, sentiment or passion moved them. When the youngest son of mad Charles VI. became Charles the Dauphin, Bernard d'Armagnac, whose party the new dauphin favored, ruled Paris; and through him Charles might have quickly united the country, were it not for the base act of a wanton woman.

This woman was Isabeau of Bavaria, wife of the unfortunate Charles VI., and mother of the youth who was rightfully claiming recognition

as heir to the throne of France. Originally, Isabeau had supported the debauched Duke of Orléans against Philip the Bold; but in November, 1417, she conspired with John the Fearless against her own son. Having proclaimed herself regent at Troyes, she appointed John her administrator, and, setting up a revolutionary government, kindled the flames of a civil war.

In the name of this unnatural woman, who had been exiled from Paris on account of her scandalous behavior, the Burgundians ravaged the centre and the south of France; while the English King, taking advantage of the French Queen's treachery, returned into Normandy, where he campaigned victoriously. In May, 1418, Paris fell into the hands of John and Isabeau. Fortunately, young Charles escaped and established his government at Poitiers; but his daft father, Charles VI., remained a prisoner of his wife, Isabeau. As the English advanced, John of Burgundy, opened negotiations with Henry V. John was a self-seeking trickster. Once master of Paris, he tried to make terms with the dauphin, Charles. They met at Montereau. Had they never met it could have been no worse for France. Neither one had confidence in the other. They disagreed. Their retainers fought, and John met a death similar to that of his old enemy, the Duke of Orléans. Meantime, at Rouen, the capital of Normandy,

Henry V., of England, was coining money bearing his name, and the title: King of France.

Worse fortune was in store for the rightful heir to the throne. Philip of Burgundy, son of the murdered John, declared for the English; and so did his unwomanly ally, Isabeau. Nay more, she and Philip, and their helpless tool, Charles VI., signed a treaty, at Troyes, on May 21, 1420, by which the king of England was acknowledged to be the legitimate heir of the insane king of France, and, during his lifetime, sole regent. Isabeau's daughter, Catharine, was betrothed to Henry V., with the understanding that their first child should wear a double crown: the crown of England and of France. Without delay, the marriage of Catharine and Henry was celebrated; and in the following December the royal pair made a solemn entry into Paris.

Even after Crécy, or Poitiers, or Agincourt, who would have imagined that the brave, the glorious, the proud, the great nation should be thus humiliated! Still the rightful heir to the throne was not wholly discouraged. South of the Loire, the people were loyal. Aided by their Scotch allies, his forces won a notable victory at Baugé (March 22, 1421), where the Duke of Clarence, brother of the English king, lost his life. When, in June of the same year, Henry V. headed an army of twenty-eight thousand men, Charles might well fear for the future.

They closed him up in Bourges; but, at the darkest hour, hope returned. Word came of the death of Henry V., at Vincennes, on August 31, 1422. Seven weeks later the unfortunate Charles VI. died. Displaying courage, if not confidence, his son assumed the title of King of France, six days afterwards, on October 30.

Of hope and courage, Charles VII. had need. The duke of Bedford, brother of Henry V., as a soldier and a politician, was second in ability only to that illustrious monarch. Having assumed the regency, and, in the abbey of St. Denis, amid the tombs of the French kings, having proclaimed king of France the infant son of Henry and Catharine, Bedford warred actively against Charles, defeating him often. Fortunately for Charles, though he was hampered by selfish and intriguing ministers, Bedford was no less impeded by a rash and ambitious brother, the Duke of Gloucester. Had it not been for Gloucester's passions, Charles would not have enjoyed three years of comparative peace. In 1426, the English pushed forward, won, and then halted. Two years later, under the lead of the Earl of Salisbury, they carried everything before them. Between June and October, 1428, twenty-three strong places surrendered to them; and on the twelfth of October, they laid siege to Orléans, the key to the centre of France.

Under the command of the famous Bastard

of Orléans, the inhabitants defended the city bravely; women showing no less courage than men. Fatally wounded eleven days after the opening of the siege, Salisbury died at the end of October; but his death did not lessen the efforts of the English. William de la Poole, earl of Suffolk, now directed the operations. Orléans is situated on the right bank of the Loire. Salisbury had fortified the left bank; Suffolk, crossing the river, entrenched himself on the right bank, and warily circled the walls of the city with strong forts. Failing to capture Orléans by assault, he purposed starving it into submission. All winter the besieged defended, sallied, countermined. Spring came, bringing no hope. The French king offered only slight assistance. To provision the city was growing more and more difficult, as the English forts girdled the walls more closely. An attempt on the king's part to surprise a strong body carrying food to the besiegers, February 12, 1429, was a sad failure. Despairing, the inhabitants of Orléans offered to surrender, not to the English, but to the Duke of Burgundy. Suffolk declined, saying that: "he had not beaten the bushes in order that others should catch the birds."

His many trials, defeats, losses, discouraged Charles VII. He began to view the downfall of his dynasty as providentially ordained. A

tormenting suspicion had wormed itself into his mind and heart: Was he a legitimate son of Charles VI.? If he were not, should he not lay down his arms? He besought God to resolve this doubt, so that his course might be in accord with justice; yet the doubt remained. The peril of Orléans increased his anguish. Partisans were forsaking him; the royal treasury was empty. When Orléans should fall into the power of the English, how could he hope to hold even the mean remnant of a kingdom that still acknowledged his authority! Strong hands and courageous hearts there were, upon which he could count to the death; but, vainly sacrificing them, would not he be a coward? Thus disturbed, wavering, anxious, Charles passed his days in the castle of Chinon. The cause of the French king, the independence of the French people, the life of a grand nation, were in jeopardy. Who, but God, could save?

On February 23, 1429, just eleven days after the rout of the royal army sent to aid the inhabitants of Orléans, six armed men, led by a girl—all a-horseback—ambled through the gate of Chinon. Though her hair was cut short, like a man's, and though she was accoutred exactly like a-man-at-arms—her lean breast and supple back covered with a cuirass; at her belt, on the one side, a dagger, on the other, a sword; in her right hand a lance—no observant, man or

woman, could have questioned the leader's sex. The completest armor never disguised a maid; and this girl was a maid.

At Chinon they had reason for expecting her; for, from a neighboring village, she had written to no less a personage than the king, saying: "I have travelled fifty leagues to be near you, and I have many excellent things to tell you." From Vaucouleurs to Chinon was a good fifty leagues, and only a brave girl would have dared the journey. The cities, the bridges on the route, were in the hands of the English, or of the Burgundians. A partisan of the French King ran great risks. At Vaucouleurs, friends had warned the girl. "I do not fear men-at-arms," was her answer; "my way is prepared. Should there be enemies on the road, I have God, my Lord, who will open for me a path by which to reach the dauphin; for I was born to save him."

They travelled by night; they sought unfrequented or roundabout roads. The men-at-arms found the journey hard; but the girl did not complain. All day and every day, she was joyous, having one sole anxiety: to hear Mass. To be present at this holy office she hazarded her liberty more than once, though her male companions were more prudent. On the morning she wrote to Charles, she had been present at three Masses in a pilgrim church. As she journeyed, the beggars by the way had learned

to love her. For their sake, she was ready to borrow.

"I have God, my Lord, who will open for me a path to reach the dauphin; for I was born to save him." A wonderful saying! A girl, born to save the defeated, despairing king of France—born to save not merely a crown, but also a people, a nation. All that her words expressed and implied the girl-soldier meant. Nor had she waited until she reached Chinon, to affirm that she was chosen of God to do marvellous deeds in and for France. In the preceding year, accompanied by a male relative, Durant Laxart by name, she had sought and obtained an interview with Captain Robert de Beaudricourt, who held Vaucouleurs in the interest of Charles VII. "Send word to the dauphin," said she to Captain de Beaudricourt, "that he must have courage, and that he must not, as yet, enter the field against his enemies; for God will send him succor toward the middle of the coming Lent. The kingdom does not belong to him, but to my Lord, who desires to confide its guardship to him. The dauphin shall be a king, in spite of his enemies. I will lead him to Rheims, and there he shall be crowned." Then de Beaudricourt asked: "Who is your Lord?" And she made answer: "The King of Heaven." "Take this girl home to her parents!" exclaimed the captain; "she is raving."

The captain's farewell to the girl who offered to lead Charles, in the face of the victorious English, up to and into Rheims, a city controlled by his enemies, and there to crown him King of France, was not a polite farewell. Still, it was as polite as the greeting with which the Captain welcomed her when she entered Vaucouleurs.

Durant Laxart, having called on de Beaudricourt, and having told who he was, and who his companion was, and what she claimed to be, the captain summoned a priest, and together they went to the girl's lodging and forthwith exorcised her, surmising that she was possessed by an evil spirit. Though she submitted, she could not help laughing as she said to the priest: "It would have been more sensible to hear my confession first." Probably she was better pleased at being called mad than she had been when they treated her as a child of the devil.

From Durant Laxart, and from the girl herself, the Captain learned the story of her life. Born on the sixth of January, 1412, she was but a little more than sixteen years of age. Her birthplace was the village of Domremy, nigh to Vaucouleurs, on the border of Champagne and Lorraine. There her father, Jacques d'Arc, and her mother, Isabelle, simple peasants, esteemed for their industry and virtue, lived laboriously, comforted only by their three sons and two daughters. From their earliest years these chil-

dren were trained to labor and to fear God. Of the five, the daughter, Jeanne, had been noted for piety from her infancy. Loving work she was as expert with a spade as with a needle, could spin with the best, and was as trusty among the hills with the sheep as if under the eye of her mother. A joyous child, companionable and fond of play, Jeanne was even fonder of prayer. In the midst of a merry game she would slip away, kneel behind a hedge, breathe a prayer and return to be as merry as the merriest. To the Blessed Virgin she was especially devout. Near to Domremy were several chapels dedicated to our Lady. With a candle, a garland of field flowers, an orison, Jeanne embellished each altar. At all the offices of the village church she was faithful, and most exemplary in confessing and in receiving Holy Communion. Obedient to her parents, she was also a loving sister, a kindly neighbor, generous to the poor, tender to the ailing. All these adornments of womanhood Jeanne d'Arc had acquired without ever learning the esteemed art of reading or of writing.

These details may have interested de Beaudricourt, though it is more than probable that he knew many peasant girls no less virtuous or pious. However, this was not the whole of the story. In her thirteenth year—thus she told the captain—and often during the three years that had since passed, heavenly beings had appeared



JOAN OF ARC LISTENING TO THE VOICES

Painting by Jules Bastien-Lepage, Metropolitan Museum, New York

to her and had spoken to her. Jeanne's home adjoined the parish church; and it was in the garden, close to the church wall, on a summer's day in 1425, at midday, that a glorious light shone on her, and out of the light issued a voice, saying: "Jeanne, be good and pious, go often to church!" The resplendent light, the mysterious voice, affrighted the girl, as, certainly, they would have affrighted you or me. Who spoke, she knew not. Whence came that indescribable radiance and the voice whose speech she could never forget? A second, a third time, she heard the voice, though perceiving no form. Then a form appeared, a commanding form accompanied by a multitude of unearthly, though real, beings. Finally she grew into the knowledge that the wondrous light she had first seen, more lustrous than the noonday sun, was but the shadow of the splendor of the Archangel Michael; the voice was the Archangel's voice; the multitude with him was a squadron of his immortal, invincible, army of angels.

The mysterious voice, on that first summer-day, counselled her to be a Christian, and no more; but, as time passed, portentous words were spoken to her. She had heard of the wars. Her parents were loyal to the crown. Before her day, Domremy had suffered from the enemies of France. The history of her country, she knew well; the traditions were familiar to

her; but one can easily understand that the peasant girl of thirteen was not prepared to assume that she had been selected to save France, to rout victorious armies, to make a king and unite a nation. Still, Michael, promising prudently, suggested much, and finally ordered. She had a mission from heaven, he said, to succor the King of France. During three years, the simple girl listened, trembled, wondered, feared. Two sainted women came to aid her: Catharine and Margaret. They encouraged her, calmed her. To neither mother, nor father, nor confessor, did she disclose her secret. Alone she bore her burden, day after day, year after year. A rare sacrifice was demanded of her by God, if her guides were trustworthy. The parental home, mere human love of every sort, she must renounce, if Michael, Catharine and Margaret spake true. Should she doubt? To prove her confidence in them and in their word, she made a vow of virginity. Come what may, henceforward she is the Lord's.

When, after three years of companionship with the Archangel and with Saints Catharine and Margaret, Jeanne first presented herself to Robert de Beaudricourt, at Vaucouleurs, it was not to please herself, or to satisfy an idle fancy. She would not have dared to take a step so unbecoming to a modest girl, were it not that the directing Archangel, and her guiding Saints as

well, had insisted, saying: "You must seek out Robert de Beaudricourt, and have him give you an armed escort to bring you to the dauphin; him you shall crown King at Rheims, and drive the foreigner from the kingdom." To St. Michael, to SS. Catharine and Margaret, Jeanne put a most natural question. "How," she asked, "shall I, who am only a peasant girl, give orders to men-at-arms?" Whereupon Archangel and Saints responded: "Child of God, great-hearted child, you needs must go; God will aid you."

Dismissed by de Beaudricourt as one bereft of reason, Jeanne was not discouraged. She returned home. Her parents were unaware of her venturesome journey. She had left them to visit a cousin. As of old, she worked in the house and in the field; but the Saints were not silent. Indeed they commanded her anew to go forth and free the city of Orleans from the enemy. No longer could she resist. In the early part of January, 1429, once more she set forth, without saying a word to father or mother. Durant Laxart, who still had faith in her, accompanied her to Vaucouleurs. There de Beaudricourt was as obstinate as ever. The girl's claims were not lessened by time. "No one in the world," said she, "neither the king, nor the duke, nor the daughter of the King of Scotland, nor any one else, can recover the kingdom of France; from me alone shall it have aid, al-

though I had rather spin alongside of my poor mother; for such is not my condition in life. But I must go and do that; for so my Lord wishes." Then once again they asked: "Who is your Lord?" and she gave the same answer: "He is God."

The people of Vaucouleurs saw Jeanne and heard her words; and they believed in her. They noted her modesty, her piety, her sincerity. The soldiers trusted her; they had faith in her mission. People and soldiers united to provide for her journey to the king, buying a horse, armor and arms. As she was called to do a warrior's work, Jeanne determined to dress like a man.

When de Beaudricourt learned the temper of the people, he consulted the royal council; and at length, on February 23, permitted her to set out for Chinon, where Charles was playing king; nay, more, he presented her with a sword. Long before she reached Chinon the name of Jeanne the Maid was known in camps, villages, cities. At Orleans they had heard of her, and of her promise to raise the seige, and a deputation of officers had been sent to meet her at Chinon and to report whether there was indeed reason for hoping.

* * *

Yes! It was this girl, Jeanne d'Arc, pious, charitable, gallant maid, that we saw amid smoke and flames in the market-place at Rouen. Her

heart it was that, red, firm, unburned, was flung, with the ashes of her bones, into the river Seine. Did she receive no mission from her Lord? Were Michael and Catharine and Margaret creatures of her imagination? Did some one else, some king or duke, save Orléans? Was her story, that she was chosen to crown the dauphin at Rheims, the fiction of a maddened brain? We shall see. Thus far we know her only as "a child of God, a great-hearted child." Surely "God will aid her"—at Chinon and elsewhere.

II

FROM CHINON TO RHEIMS.

Jeanne the Maid, could she have had her way, would have met Charles VII. within an hour after her arrival at Chinon. Imagine then how impatiently she waited, during a whole fortnight, while the royal Council debated whether she should be admitted to the king's presence. Doubts were expressed as to the girl's sanity, and as to the saintliness of her inspiration. De Beaudricourt, was not alone in thinking that her prompter might be the devil. A committee of ecclesiastics was appointed to test her. Having done so, with much formality and caution, and being favorably affected by her manner and speech, they advised the king to grant the girl an audience.

Into the grand hall of the castle, where a crowd of courtiers had assembled, the peasant of Domremy was led, on the night of March 10, 1429. Purposely, the king bore no mark of royalty; still the Maid, who now saw him for the first time, picked him out at once saluting him with the words: "God give you good life, gentle prince." "What is your name?" Charles

asked. "Gentle dauphin," she replied, "my name is Jeanne the Maid, and by me the King of Heaven sends word that you shall be anointed and crowned at Rheims, and that you shall be lieutenant of the King of Heaven, who is King of France." Then she gave a proof that when she wrote to Charles of "the many excellent things she had to tell him," her words were not boastful. "I say to you, on the part of my Lord," said she, "that you are the true heir of France, and the son of the King. I am sent to you to conduct you to Rheims, in order that there you may be anointed, and crowned, if you so will."

Why should this peasant girl publicly assure Charles that he was the legitimate son of the late king? How could she know of the tormenting doubt locked up within the heart of Charles, and disclosed by him to God alone? All the secrets of which she had knowledge, Jeanne did not reveal at this first interview. A few days later, in the presence of Charles and of four of his confidants, having first sworn the latter to secrecy, she related that, on the first day of November, 1423, in the royal chapel at Loches, Charles had begged God to free his soul of the doubt of his legitimacy. Unless a messenger from God had disclosed this fact—for it was a fact—to Jeanne, she could have known nothing of it. If Charles desired a sign proving the Maid's heavenly mission, he had at least one.

Whatever the king's conviction, the royal Council still doubted. A second commission of ecclesiastics was appointed to question the girl, and a deputation of Friars Minor was despatched to Domremy, to inquire about her family, habits and reputation. Though the reports of both the friars and the doctors were favorable, the royal Council decided to carry her to Poitiers, where the king's parliament was in session. There another commission of theologians, professors, canonists and lawyers, catechized her and argued with her, displaying much art, learning and subtlety, as became men of prudence and of erudition, not unmixed with vanity. Members of parliament, courtiers, great ladies, visited her; all observing, probing, and some spying. These official and private inquisitions ended in a general acknowledgment of Jeanne's piety, virtue, sincerity and intelligence. Without pronouncing her mission supernatural, the theologians, professors, canonists and lawyers declared that it was not impossible that God had sent her; and that, considering the alarming condition of France, the king not only might, but should employ her against his enemies.

During the month, and more, that Jeanne had been questioned, cross-questioned, sounded and curiously inspected, her heart was strained almost to breaking; nor could she help resenting a method that seemed to her witless, if not ab-

surd. There was she, sent by God, vowed to Him—she who had left a dear mother, a good father, brothers, a sister, loved companions, the garden, the sheep, the fireside, home and her cherished shrines; she, a Maid, who—having doffed maiden attire—donned armor, and risked a long and dangerous journey among men, among enemies—was eager to rescue the city of Orléans, to crown a king, to save France, and yet, instead of accepting her promptly, instead of following her lead and fighting the English, not a man had sense enough to do more than ply her with interrogatories, just as if she were trying for a university degree! She wept often, but it was when alone, kneeling before God. Facing men she was calm, firm, fearless. Through prayer, she knew that God was with her; and that, therefore, she could not be overmatched.

Assuming that Jeanne had no special aid from heaven, one could not help attributing to her rare gifts of mind. She was quick of understanding, farsighted, ready of speech, direct, witty. The bachelors of law, the licentiates in theology, who were tempted to be smart at her expense, regretted, with reason, their callow impertinence. For hours at a sitting, solemn, dull clerics, bored her with questions as futile as that of Master Peter, who, though her faith in God was constantly expressed, asked her: "Do you believe in God?" Naturally, the more

he reflected upon her answer: "Better than you," the more he doubted her mission. "You say,"—thus another learned ecclesiastic tried her—"You say that you have had a revelation that God desires to deliver the people of France from the evils that oppress them. If God so desires, being all-powerful, He has no need of the aid of men-at-arms." One can see the Maid's pitying look, as she answered: "In God's name the men-at-arms will fight, and God will give the victory." Once, aweary of their prosy inquiries, she exclaimed: "I don't know A from B; but I am sent by God to raise the siege of Orléans and to conduct the king to Rheims, in order that there he may be anointed and crowned."

In this answer, according to the books, she spoke of Charles as "the king"; but such was not her custom. Generally, she named him, "the dauphin," a title applied, at the time, to the heir to the French throne. As we have already seen, in 1422, six days after his father's death, Charles had assumed the title of king. Neither he, nor any of those who met Jeanne could help noting that she spoke of Charles as if he were, in 1429, no more than an heir expectant. They may have thought her ignorant of the meaning of the term she commonly used, but she disabused them. "Why do you call the king dauphin and not king?" she was asked at Poitiers. "I will not call him king" she replied, "until after he

has been anointed and crowned at Rheims, whither I have a mission to conduct him." There is a whole treatise on kingly government in Jeanne's speeches. Would that kings and peoples had learned from them! The King of Heaven, is indeed the sovereign of every land. The Christian who would be a lieutenant of the King of Heaven, should bear the King's sign on his forehead, before wearing a bauble crown. The gift of the King of kings, freely given, He may, at will, withdraw. What kings may lose, peoples may lose. The proud He puts down; the humble He uplifts.

At Poitiers, as at Chinon and at Vaucouleurs, the people had not waited for the decision of Council or commission. They saw and noted the girl; devout, prudent, frank, great-hearted, showing more spirit than king or courtier. That she was heaven-sent they doubted not. When the royal Council recommended that Jeanne the Maid should be put in charge of an army corps, and sent to Orléans to victual the city and supply the besieged with arms, there was great rejoicing. A word had passed around and Durant Laxart was the authority. More than a year back, rumor said, Jeanne had spoken to Durant of an old prophecy, that he, and all his country-folk had heard again and again. Its purport was, that the Kingdom of France should be ruined through a woman, and then saved by a young

girl from Lorraine. Through a woman, Isabeau, the unnatural mother of Charles, had not the kingdom been ruined? And Jeanne the Maid, was not she from Lorraine? Seventeen is young, and Jeanne was but seventeen.

From Poitiers they led her to Chinon, thence to Blois, and finally to Tours, where she arrived towards the end of April, 1429. During her stay at Blois, the king gave her a complete set of armor, and empowered her to organize a military staff becoming to a leader. On this staff she appointed her two younger brothers, Jean and Pierre d'Arc, who had affectionately followed her. As her chaplain she chose Jean Pasquerel, an Augustinian. Robert de Beaudricourt had presented her with a sword, when she set out from Vaucouleurs. At the suggestion of one of her saints, she put aside the captain's weapon and used another in its stead. The village from which, on the way to Chinon, Jeanne wrote to the king, was known as Ste. Cathérine de Fierbois, and so it is called this very day. To the church, founded by Charles Martel and dedicated to Ste. Cathérine, pious pilgrims were wont to resort.

Of a morning, while at Tours, Jeanne summoned a skilful armorer. "Take this letter," said she, "to the priests of Ste. Cathérine de Fierbois. Following my directions, they will find a sword buried behind the altar. Bring it to

me." The priests had never heard of the mysterious sword. However, they upturned the earth back of the altar, and, wonderful to relate; not far below the surface discovered a sword. The weapon was covered with rust. They cleaned the blade and polished the five crosses that ornamented the guard. Then the armorer carried the sword to Jeanne. Some folk said that Charles Martel himself had wielded the weapon; but Jeanne called it Catharine's sword. In the Maid's hands we shall see it do braver work than Charles Martel ever did, and better work, for, often as she fought, Jeanne never shed one drop of human blood.

The battles she was to fight, in the name of the Lord, the Maid determined to wage only with the aid of Christian soldiers. And that no one should doubt upon whom she depended for victory, she gave orders for a standard having a white ground strewn with lilies, and on this ground a painted image of the God of Majesty throned on clouds, and bearing in His hand the globe; beneath, adoring, were two angels holding lilies. Inscribed on the standard were the words: "Jesus, Mary." Another and a smaller standard she also designed. This one bore a figure of the Blessed Virgin, to whom an angel offered a lily. To these Jeanne added a banner upon which was portrayed an image of Christ on the Cross.

Though no worse than that of the fighting men of any prince of the time, the discipline of the French king's army was not creditable to a Christian country. Blasphemy, murder, robbery, incendiarism, even rape, were common crimes. At Blois, by Jeanne's orders, every morning and evening the banner bearing the image of the crucified Christ was set up in a public place; and beneath the banner Jeanne and her chaplain, with the priests of the city, sang hymns to the Mother of God. And as the soldiers gathered around the banner to join in the devotions, the Maid questioned each one: "Have you confessed?" If the answer were negative, the Maid ordered the man to withdraw, or forthwith to confess to one of the priests at hand. And with the sword of St. Catharine she performed a glorious deed, for she drove out of the camp a woman who was neither the mother, nor wife, nor child, nor sister, nor relative of any man there. As the Maid pursued hotly the blade broke in her hands, but no sword in so short a time did braver work than the sword of St. Catharine. Within a few days Jeanne had a new army, an army of decent men, all devoted to her, just because, by her example and teaching, she had helped them to be Christian.

At length, all things being ready, on April 27, in the morning, the army set out from Blois to rescue Orléans. Preceding Jeanne, who, seated



JOAN OF ARC RECEIVING HER DIVINE MISSION

on a white steed, held aloft proudly the banner of the God of Majesty, walked the priests chanting the hymn: "Come, Holy Ghost." A day's march, a night under the sky, an early reveille, and marching again till past mid-day, they saw Orléans in the distance. The Bastard of Orléans, with a detachment of troops, met Jeanne's force. "I bring you," said she to him, "the best succor ever sent to knight or to city, for it is the succor of the King of Heaven." The night was passed inactively, because the leaders deemed daylight more favorable to their enterprise. Coming by the left bank of the Loire, the provisions could only reach Orléans by means of boats. The citizens of Orléans made a feint of attacking one of the English forts. The effort was wasted. Jeanne's men worked undisturbed, and before night-fall of the same day, the twenty-ninth, Orléans was re-victualled and reinforced. By the light of torches, the banner of the God of Majesty in front, Jeanne entered Orléans amid the glad welcomes of the inhabitants. Her armor, the trappings of her horse, they touched reverently, as if she were a messenger of the Lord. And she, gentle and grateful, led the way to the Cathedral, there to thank God for His favor.

Jeanne marched to Orléans, I said, along the left bank of the Loire, but the road was not of her choosing. The king's officers who accom-

panied her feared to risk the road leading along the right bank, because there the English were in force. "In the name of God," exclaimed Jeanne, "the counsel of my Lord is surer and wiser than yours." Where the English were, the Maid would be. Was not she commissioned by her Lord to drive them out? Why then should she fear? The sooner done, the better. To save words, she yielded to the timid, but having entered Orléans, she was unwilling to let one day pass without assailing the enemy.

Again the timid opposed. All but two hundred of her army insisted on returning to Blois. Soon they would come back, so they promised. Not a day beyond the first of May would she wait. The people were ready to follow her anywhere at any hour. Along the whole of the right bank of the river she tested the strength of the English on two successive days. Early in the morning, on the fourth of the month, her Christian soldiers returned from Blois. Before mid-day they engaged the enemy and captured one of the strongest of the English forts. On the sixth, at the head of four thousand men, she sallied forth again. Before sundown two other forts had fallen. At night, the English burned a third which they dare not defend. After Mass, on the morning of the seventh, at the head of a company of soldiers and citizens, Jeanne rode up to one of the city

gates, meaning to lead an attack on another English fort. The gate was closed and a high official informed her that the Council of War forbade her exit without their permission. "You are a bad man," cried the Maid, "whether that please you or not, the soldiers shall go out of the city, and they will conquer as they have conquered." The great man was flung aside, the gates were forced, and Jeanne and her troops assailed the English once more.

Then the Council of War gained courage. Soldiers hurried from the city, the guns opened fire. All day besiegers and besieged fought desperately. Night fell, and still they fought. At last the strongest of the enemy's forts surrendered. Early on the morning of Sunday, the eighth of May, forsaking their wounded, their provisions, their artillery, the English deserted all their posts, retreating. Orléans was saved. The city that had been besieged for seven months, and that had offered to surrender, so hopeless was its case, had been victualled, reinforced, and freed from all danger within nine days. The succor brought by Jeanne the Maid, the succor of the King of Heaven, was indeed the best succor ever sent to knight or to city.

"Are the English facing us as they flee, or do you see only their backs?" asked Jeanne, "They show their backs," was the answer. Then said

Jeanne: "Let them go; my Lord does not wish us to fight them today. We shall have them at another time." Thereupon, in a field they set up an altar, by her order, and the whole army worshipped at two Masses of thanksgiving.

As they hurried to Jargeau, the English leaders must have recalled the words of Jeanne's summons, issued from Blois before she opened the campaign. Against the foreigner, or the Burgundian, she bore no hate. The latter she hoped to unite to Charles; the former she would fight, only if they refused to acknowledge the rights of the lawful sovereign. "Give up," thus she wrote to the English, "the keys of all the good cities taken in France to the Maid sent by God, the King of Heaven I am sent here by God, the King of Heaven, to cast you out of the whole of France And if you will not believe the news that God sends you by the Maid, wherever we shall find you we shall hit you hard, and if you do not make satisfaction, we will create a tumult the like of which has not been in France for a thousand years. And believe firmly that the God of heaven will send the Maid a greater force than you can assemble against her and her gallant men, and when it comes to blows we shall see who has the best right, God or you Answer whether you desire to make peace in the city of Orléans, and, should you not do so, remember that soon you

shall suffer great losses." They laughed at her, reviled her; but the seventeen-year-old girl had hit hard; great losses they had suffered, unexpectedly. Would she drive them out of the whole of France?

"Child of God, go on, go on, go on! I will aid you, go on." Thus a voice spoke to Jeanne. On the second day after the flight of the English from Orléans, standard in hand, she set out for Tours. The king must be crowned forthwith at Rheims, as her Lord desired. Charles went forth to meet her, and meeting, embraced her before all the people. Ten days were passed at Tours, then the king accompanied her to Loches. The royal Council hesitated to advise Charles to venture on a journey to Rheims. "Let me go against the English," said the Maid, when she found she could move neither king nor Council. They had discharged her good soldiers, and six weeks passed before another force was gathered.

On June 6, she rode forth from the town of Selles, this time mounted on a black horse, armored all but her head, and holding in her hand a small axe. She reached Orléans on the ninth. Two days later she hurried to Jargeau, where the English, strongly fortified, blocked the way. At once, the Maid attacked. The fight was bloody, the English lost heavily. Those who could, escaped. Jargeau was in the king's hands. On the thirteenth Jeanne re-entered Orléans; on

the fifteenth she was once again in the saddle. At the bridge of Meung, on the Loire, she came up with the English, attached and defeated them. The following morning she was in front of Beaugency. Not awaiting an attack, the English abandoned the city and fell back on the castle.

Early on the seventeenth she learned that a force of five thousand men, sent by Bedford to crush her, was near at hand. That night the garrison of the castle of Beaugency capitulated. At daylight Jeanne went in search of the army of five thousand. The English had determined to fight near the town of Meung. News came to them of the fate of Beaugency. The leaders took fright and ordered a retreat. On the plains close to Patay, the Maid came up with them. "Have you spurs on?" asked she of the Duke of Alençon. "Why," said he, "must we flee?" "No," answered she, "in the name of God, the English will show their backs and you will need your spurs to follow them." And so it proved; two thousand of them were killed, two hundred made prisoners the others ran like frightened hares. Dismayed, the English evacuated fortress after fortress. The Maid had kept her word, and, wherever she met them, had hit them hard. The God of heaven had sent a greater force than they could assemble against her or her gallant men. Verily, God has the best right.

Nine days—and Orléans was saved; eight days more—and the English power was weakened, the English spirit broken; better still, the courage, the patriotism of the French were renewed. Could it be that for these extraordinary achievements Jeanne deserved little credit! Had she been merely a pretty figure in armor, a romantic “daughter of the regiment,” who was permitted to play soldier in order to kindle a false enthusiasm among ignorant and superstitious men? Positively, No! At Orléans, and in the valley of the Loire, there were capable men and bold, the best blood of France; men of education, training, ambition. The Maid had learned to spin, sew, dig, and pray, but no more. When the king presented her with a suit of armor, she put it on gladly, little knowing how her tender flesh would suffer from the weight and pressure of the metal. And yet, to the astonishment of the graybeards—as they frankly testified—this green girl disposed an army with a science beyond theirs, though some of them had fought and led a good thirty years. Her tactics no contemporary had equalled. When she entered the field, artillery was a novelty; still, this did not hinder the spinner of Domremy from handling a battery more skilfully than the best trained gunner. In what military school was she so quickly and thoroughly educated? In the school of her saints, the Maid said.

At Orléans, when veterans fled she stood firm, holding aloft her standard. More than once, when panic meant ruin, she rallied panicky troops. Fearless, she carried the banner of the God of Majesty up to the enemy's wall. On the memorable day that, against the will of the royal Council, she forced her way through the city gate, just as she had planted a scaling-ladder against the rampart of an English fort, an arrow pierced her above the breast. She had foretold the event on the preceding day, and a long time back, at Chinon. Still she had not spared herself. Strong-hearted as she was, the girl could not hold back her tears when she saw her blood flowing. They drew out the arrow head and dressed the wound, whereupon she returned to lead her men, as though she felt no pain.

During the eight days' campaign on the Loire, again and again did she display her chivalrous spirit. The dukes, marshals, captains, were all pusillanimous, ever seeking delay, ever timorous of the enemy's strength and doubtful of their own. While they palavered, Jeanne, standard in hand, would face the men-at-arms and give the order: "To the assault! Fear not, be bold; God is our leader!" Thus the Maid forced the fighting. At Jargeau, as, with her standard, she was mounting a ladder, a heavy stone, striking her helmet, stunned her. The moment she recovered, up she rose in the ditch, urging the

men: "Friends, at them! At them! Courage! Our Lord has condemned the English; even now they are ours!" "In the name of God," said she, on the road to Patay, "we must fight; we should have them even if they were hanging half way between earth and sky."

At Domremy, she had been brought up to dig, to spin, to sew, to tend sheep. A from B she did not know, and yet, in all France, there was no braver soldier, no more intelligent, skilful, dashing leader of men than Jeanne the Maid. If her saints did not instruct her, if God did not aid her, pray who did?

"I am sent by God to raise the siege of Orléans and to conduct the king to Rheims, in order that there he may be anointed and crowned." Her mission was still unfulfilled. The will of God, Jeanne was anxious, promptly and completely to execute. She had hoped, and so had the people, that, after the victory at Patay, Charles would come to Orléans, uniting with soldiers and subjects in their solemn thanksgiving and in their festal rejoicings; but the king remained at Sully, a short thirty miles away, seemingly careless of God's will and unmindful of God's mercy. The Maid hastened to him, urging him to set out for Rheims without delay. Charles consulted the royal Council and they debated as usual.

Finally on June 22, Jeanne induced him to ad-

vance a dozen miles to Châteauneuf. There the royal Council, having argued, duly consented to the Maid's wishes. She galloped to Orléans, gathered her army corps, and, on the twenty-fourth, marched to Gien, where she met the dauphin. As the king and the Council insisted on another leisurely discussion, Jeanne left them to talk and advanced by herself. Two days later Charles followed her with twelve thousand men. By July fifth they had reached Troyes. A number of lesser places had acknowledged Charles from day to day. But Troyes was garrisoned by English and Burgundian soldiers and refused to admit a French force into the city.

After a five days' siege the royal Council advised Charles to waste no more time on such obstinate people. Was it not better to proceed to Rheims, having as little trouble as possible. Jeanne protested. "Gentle King of France," said she, "this city is yours. Remain here two or three days and without any doubt it will be in your power, through love or by force." They gave way to the girl. Then she mounted her horse, called out the men-at-arms, and set them to making entrenchments and disposing artillery. All night they labored. In the morning, Jeanne, bearing the standard of the God of Majesty, was about to lead the army in an assault against the walls, when, from the gates of the city, a deputation advanced offering to capitulate. Amid the

plaudits of citizens and soldiers, Charles and Jeanne entered Troyes triumphantly. Next Chalons surrendered.

The army halted within a day's journey of Rheims. At Rheims the authorities were undecided. Since they heard of Jeanne's coming, they had sought aid from the duke of Burgundy, their intention being to stand a siege rather than to admit Charles. No help came from Burgundy. The news from Chalons and Troyes had a chastening effect. On the sixteenth of July, a motley crowd of citizens left the city, tramped to Septsaulx, where Charles was encamped, and invited him to make Rheims his own. Towards evening he entered the city. Forthwith it was arranged with the Archbishop that Charles should be crowned on the morrow. All night there was bustling, and hurrying and scurrying. When sleepy citizens opened their eyes on Sunday morning, they asked: "Can this be Rheims!" so changed was the appearance of the houses, the streets, the churches.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the seventeenth, the king, the archbishop of Rheims, the bishop of Laon, the bishop of Séz, the bishop of Chalons, accompanied by an escort of nobles, rode through the central door of the cathedral of Our Lady, dismounting from their horses, only at the entrance to the choir. At the Church of St. Remi, the abbot of the abbey attached thereto

had committed to the archbishop *la sainte ampoule*; a vial containing holy oil reserved for the anointing of the kings of France—so the tradition ran—ever since the coronation of Clovis. As Charles took the customary oaths; as his forehead was signed with the holy oil; as the kingly crown was placed upon his head, Jeanne the Maid stood beside him, upholding the victorious banner of the God of Majesty. From the walls of the cathedral of Our Lady the blare of the trumpets echoed exultingly, high above the shouts of the gladdened people; yet none, not even the new king, felt a joy more intense than that which filled the heart of Jeanne d'Arc.

In the glad chorus, her voice was not heard. Emotion overpowered her. But, after Charles had been crowned, weeping she fell on her knees and kissed his feet, thus addressing him as she knelt; "Gentle king, now has been accomplished the will of God, who desired that you should come to Rheims and be worthily anointed, thus showing that you are the true king, him to whom the kingdom should pertain."

Omit the supernatural wholly from the story of Jeanne d'Arc, and still it reads like a romance. She freed despairing Orléans in nine days; out of the valley of the Loire, she drove the English within eight days; from the day she forced the dilatory Charles and his garrulous Council out of Gien, until, the coronation at Rheims, barely



JOAN, IN ARMOR

three weeks had passed, and in that short time not only had she given France an anointed king, but she had also recovered an extensive territory, shaken the whole fabric of the English power—the labor of fourteen eventful years — and aroused the national spirit in every part of France.

But one cannot omit the supernatural from the story of Jeanne the Maid. The men-at-arms fought; it was God gave the victory. Not as a mere patriot did Jeanne lay down the distaff and take up the sword of St. Catharine; not because of military ambition did she put off woman's attire and put on armor. Of herself, independent of God, her Lord, she pretended to do nothing. "To save the dauphin I was born," said she to de Beaudricourt. "God will aid him through me. I will lead him to Rheims, and there he shall be crowned. No one in the world, except me, can recover the kingdom of France; from me alone shall it have aid, and I must do that, for so my Lord wishes." . . . "I bring you," said she to the Bastard of Orléans, "the succor of the King of Heaven." . . . "I am sent by God, the King of Heaven," was her message to the English at Orléans . . . "Now is the will of God accomplished, He who desired that you should come to Rheims to be anointed," are the words we last heard from the Maid's lips as she knelt, weeping, at the feet of the king she had crowned. A

child of God, and an instrument of God assuredly, was Jeanne d'Arc.

The very same! I grieve to say it. Great-hearted Jeanne, chaste Jeanne, believing Jeanne, gallant Jeanne it was that we saw burning at the stake in the Rouen market-place. Her valiant heart it was that we saw cast into the river Seine. It was her expiring cry we heard: "Jesu! Jesu!" That beseeching cry I hear this very day and hour. Shed no tears for the Maid! The children of her Lord, neither men nor women, need weep for her. Believe firmly that the God of heaven will aid her still. He is the God of Majesty, and bears in the palm of His hand the globe of the world from generation to generation.

III

FROM RHEIMS TO ROUEN

While the holy chrism was yet visible on the forehead of the King, the Maid urged him on to Paris, arguing that, with the King of France in the capital of France, the English as well as the Burgundians would be dismayed. Expecting and fearing what Jeanne advised, Bedford, the English leader, had already bargained with his uncle, Henry Beaufort, the Cardinal of Winchester, for a reinforcement of six thousand men; and when, three days after the coronation, Charles consented to follow Jeanne's wise plan, the English Cardinal and Bedford, with ten thousand men, were marching toward Rheims. Coming up with the French army, the English dared not attack. As the King advanced, they retired, blocking the way now and then, but carefully avoiding a battle. Through cities, towns and villages, Charles paraded, as a legitimate sovereign amid dutiful and loyal subjects, and not at all as a conqueror. On August 18, he halted at Compiègne. Paris was only fifty miles away.

And here at Compiègne, I cannot help recalling an affecting incident that happened a week earlier, as the army rode through Lagny. The

Maid was in the van, the Archbishop of Rheims, chancellor of the kingdom, on her right, and the brave Bastard of Orléans on her left hand. Said the Archbishop: "Jeanne, in what place do you hope to end your days?" "Wheresoever it shall please God," the Maid replied; "for I am sure neither about time nor place, knowing no more about the matter than you. Would to God, my Creator, that, this very day, laying down my arms, I could return to my father and mother, to tend their sheep, with my sister and my brothers, who would rejoice to see me." Her father had come to Rheims to give her a last farewell and blessing. Thus Jeanne spoke as they rode through Lagny. At Compiègne—and too soon you shall know why—I am sadly reminded of her words.

No less than Bedford, another enemy of France, Philip of Burgundy, feared the King's advance. Putting more faith in deceit than in arms, Philip again feigned friendship for Charles, and thus induced him to sign a truce, suspending operations until the Christmas following. With astounding simplicity, Charles included the English within the terms of the truce. Before these concessions were made, Jeanne, at the head of the fighting men, had marched away from Compiègne. At St. Denis, within five miles of Paris, she learned of the King's action, and at once protested.

The Maid, advising Charles to repudiate the truce, was in the right; for Philip of Burgundy, before negotiating with the French, had agreed with the English to hold and defend the capital, in their interest. A mettlesome king would have promptly punished such a trickster; but Charles, influenced by his timorous council, dawdled away valuable time at Compiègne. Many an entreating message did Jeanne send, before he ventured to move as far as Senlis. There, twenty-five miles from Paris, he rested as if every day were a Sunday. At last, on September 7, he joined the Maid. Before eight o'clock the next morning the French army was marching against the capital.

The attack was bold: an attack of patriots on the foreigner, and the traitor, who, by force and fraud, had seized the capital of the French nation. Protected by walls and artillery, and stimulated by leaders whose ambitions were at stake, the Burgundians fought hard. Toward evening, Jeanne's troop, amid arrows and shot, had pressed nigh to one of the city's gates. "Assault the wall!" cried the Maid, intrepid as ever. Then she started in front of the men. A double moat encircled the wall. Into the first moat, the Maid jumped. It was dry. Crossing it, she clambered up on top of the ridge that divided the outer moat from the one close by the

ramparts. Only then did she discover that the inner moat was filled with water. They saw her plunge her lance into the water, to test its depth; her order they awaited. Suddenly, with a sharp cry, she fell flat on the ridge. An arrow had pierced her thigh. Retaining her presence of mind, she requested the men-at-arms to carry her under cover; and then, regardless of her wound, urged them to bridge the inner moat, and to assault the wall. The cowardly captains feared to do as the girl bade, because, forsooth, only the stars were lighting the sky. Prostrate as she was, Jeanne, who knew neither day nor night when the cause of her native land was at stake, insisted, promising victory. Neither incitement, nor promise, nor entreaty availed. Officers and men fell back, bearing off the wounded, helpless, chagrined Maid.

The arrow in her thigh did not keep Jeanne abed on the morning of the ninth. Betimes, she arose, and speedily ordered an assault; but the nerveless king countermanded the order, and, shabbily, retired to St. Denis, where, as if he were fated to prove his paternity, he renewed, insanely, the truce with the perfidious Duke of Burgundy. Not satisfied with sacrificing the Maid, who had crowned him, he now sacrificed his people, including Paris within the terms of the new truce; thus assuring the capital of France to the enemies of France.

On the thirteenth of September, the sovereign who, proudly, triumphantly, had entered St. Denis, retreated like a vanquished pretender. The Maid went unwillingly, protesting that if the army held on, the capture of Paris was certain. Before they led her away, she entered the venerable Abbey Church of St. Denis, to whose foundation Dagobert, Pepin, Charles the Great, and St. Louis, had contributed. Before the altar, devoutly, she presented to the glorious patron, the arms and armor she wore during the days of conquest. Was the child of God disheartened? Did she believe that the term of her heavenly mission had closed? No; she merely followed a pious custom, according to which wounded soldiers dedicated their arms and armor to a Saint. Choosing to honor St. Denis, the Maid was moved by patriotism as well as by piety; for the war-cry of France was: "St. Denis!"

A fortnight after his retreat, Charles disbanded the grand army created by Jeanne d'Arc: the reformed army, which, under her guidance, had won a crown for him, and which, had he the courage and foresight of a woman, would have made him the master of the capital of France, and the sovereign of a united Kingdom. Having thus relieved himself of troublesome cares, Charles spent the time in journeying from one agreeable castle to another, carrying

the Maid wherever he went, and treating her with rare honor and favor. An idler's life was displeasing to Jeanne; she longed for action; and therefore, when, at the end of October, 1429, the royal Council decided to send a force against those towns, on the upper Loire, that had not yet acknowledged the King, the Maid gladly accepted the command. At St. Pierre-le-Moutier, early in November, heroically, she stood her ground, at the foot of the wall, when her men had deserted her; shamed them into fighting, and captured the town. The royal Council ordered her to La Charité. She lacked artillery, food and cash, nor could she obtain these from the Council. Only by begging aid from the loyal cities could she equip her little army. The siege opened on November 24. So skilful and brave was the defense, that, after a month of repulses, the Maid was compelled to retire, leaving her artillery behind. At La Charité, for the first time Jeanne d'Arc suffered defeat.

After this reverse, the King not only received her kindly, but also showered favors upon her. Ennobling herself and all her family, by a special provision he ennobled the female descendants of the family as well as the male. Honors could not reconcile the Maid to the easy-going policy of Charles. The perils she foresaw, and from which—with her Lord's aid, and for His sake,—she would have saved her native land, were vital.

Not only had the English and the Burgundians reoccupied St. Denis, but, dishonoring its patron saint as well as their own manhood, they had robbed the Abbey Church of Jeanne's armor. This contemptible act should have made Charles wary, if not indignant; and yet, feebly, he consented to an extension of the terms of the truce signed after his retreat from Paris, and bound himself to keep the peace until Easter, 1430. Philip of Burgundy was doubly, trebly, a deceiver; for, while negotiating with Charles, he accepted from the Duke of Bedford, the office of Lieutenant-General of the English sovereign, Henry VI. The English withdrew all their troops, and the Duke of Burgundy became the head and front of the enemies of France. In March, 1430, his ambition was fully disclosed. To add one perjury to another cost him nothing. Violating the word he had so often plighted, the faithless Philip led an army against the loyal cities; the English paying him a subsidy, and promising him a large increase of territory.

Was all that France had won, thanks to our Lord, to be lost through the pusillanimity of the King and his Council! Jeanne could not bear the thought. Charles was loitering at Sully. Without a word to him or to his attendants, the Maid slipped away, gathered a small escort, and took the road to Paris. Gloomier days were to come, but gloomy enough was that fifteenth of

April on which she passed through the gate of Melun; for, before the day closed, her Saints informed her that, by the next St. John's day, she would be in the hands of the enemy. Again and again, this warning was renewed.

God's will be done! exclaimed Jeanne, patiently; and yet she was troubled. A prison awaited her; perhaps death, perhaps dishonor. She besought her heavenly patrons, that, if death was in store for her, at least her imprisonment might be short. The answer to this prayer was a counsel: Resignation to God's will, whatever came. At once the Maid resolved to show her resignation to the Lord's pleasure, and her unselfish love of her native land. No longer would she lead. As a volunteer, she followed the captains.

Combining with the scattered bands brought into the field by some of the King's officers, the loyal men-at-arms who had been subject to the Maid fought inside or outside the walls, defending or attacking, as one loyal town, or another, was threatened. Victory alternated with defeat; but finally the army of Philip forced the royalists to divide, one band seeking safety here, another there.

While at Crespy, on May 3, Jeanne heard that Compiègne was in peril once more. Faithful Compiègne! In her heart she cherished, loved its good people. Hastily she collected a force of

three hundred men and galloped to the rescue. Passing through the enemies' lines, she made her way into the city on the morning of April 24. Late in the afternoon of the same day, with the King's captain, she attacked the enemy, and drove back the Burgundians. English troops came to their assistance; the French took fright and ran. Bravely as ever, the Maid stood, rallying the men. They failed her. She was recognized, surrounded; eager hands contended for the honor of dragging a girl down from her horse, and of leading her away—a prisoner. Will her imprisonment be short? Will death come soon? as she prayed. Nine months ago, on the road leading from Lagny to Compiègne, as you remember, the Archbishop of Rheims questioned, saying: "Jeanne, in what place do you hope to end your days?" Her answer was: "Wheresoever it shall please God, for I am sure neither about time nor place, knowing no more of the matter than you." About time or place, on this night of April 24, she knows no more than she knew when they cantered by Lagny; but we know that Compiègne is on the road that leads to the scaffold and the Seine. The great-hearted child of God has need of resignation.

All the King's true friends grieved over the capture of the Maid, and whole cities mourned ceremoniously. Well might sovereign and people grieve and mourn, having lost her who brought

them succor greater than that of any knight, duke, or prince. All the King's enemies rejoiced at the Maid's discomfiture, and the English ran mad with delight. To have been worsted by a peasant girl; to have been deprived of all their hard-won gains by a peasant girl; to see the bravest and noblest of their proud leaders go down before the lance or the sword of a peasant girl,—had filled the English with fear and with shame; and fear, coupled with shame, bred hate. Their bitter hatred of Jeanne d'Arc, before her capture, they could show only by words; and words they had not spared in defaming her; as if to be thrashed by a vile woman were more honorable than to be routed by a Christian virgin: now they could revenge themselves by cowardly deeds. Within forty-eight hours after they had valorously dragged her down from her horse, they plotted her death. It was a dastardly plot, a sacrilegious plot.

By the law of nations, Jeanne, as a prisoner of war, was entitled to honorable treatment and to ransom. Had her captors put a price upon her, the French people, if not the French King, would have paid it, at any cost. To deprive her of her rights, as a combatant, there was only one way; and that way was: by charging her with a crime against religion, thus bringing her immediately under the jurisdiction of ecclesiastical law. Pierre Cauchon was the man for

the work—a clever cleric, who, ten years earlier, had assisted in negotiating the disgraceful treaty of Troyes, by whose terms Henry V. of England had been recognized as regent of France and legitimate heir of Charles VI. As a crafty agent of Philip of Burgundy, Cauchon had not been ill-paid for his services, holding, as he did, the bishopric of Beauvais and also an office of honor and authority in the powerful University of Paris. Through his influence, on April 26, the second day after the Maid's capture, Philip of Burgundy was summoned by the vice-inquisitor of Paris to deliver up to him: "a certain woman named Jeanne, suspected of heresy," so that she might be duly tried before good and learned doctors of the University. The Burgundians knew that their prisoner was valuable; so, giving no answer to the summons, they shrewdly held "the woman named Jeanne" in the castle of Beaulieu, until the end of June, when, because she attempted to escape, they transferred her to the fortress of Beaurevoir.

Meantime Pierre Cauchon had not been idle. With his connivance, the University of Paris issued a summons, on July 14, citing the "woman suspected of heresy." To this summons the peculiar provision was added, that, in case the woman were not sent to Paris, she should be handed over to the Bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocese she had been captured.

The Bishop of Beauvais we recognize as Pierre Cauchon, the tool of the English as well as of the Burgundians.

On the Duke of Burgundy, and on his lieutenant, John of Luxemburg, Cauchon served this new summons, and with it a third, issued in his own name, requiring that the suspected woman should be committed to the church, because she was charged with idolatry, and also with invoking demons, the use of magical charms, and the commission of many other most wicked actions. In the text of this latter summons, Cauchon artfully offered Jeanne's jailors a bribe. By law, he said, the English King, Henry VI., as King of France, enjoyed the right to acquire from a captor, on the payment of six thousand francs, possession of a prisoner, be it a great lord, or a prince, or even a king; and, though Jeanne was neither king nor prince, nor great lord, Henry of England was ready to pay those who held her the sum of six thousand francs, upon her delivery into the hands of his representative,—Pierre Cauchon.

Philip had been waiting for a bid. Cauchon's price was too low for the Duke, who asked ten thousand francs. Perhaps Jeanne had an inkling of this plot; in any case she knew how thoroughly the English hated her, and what harsh treatment she might expect from them. Escape was hardly possible; still when she heard that her beloved

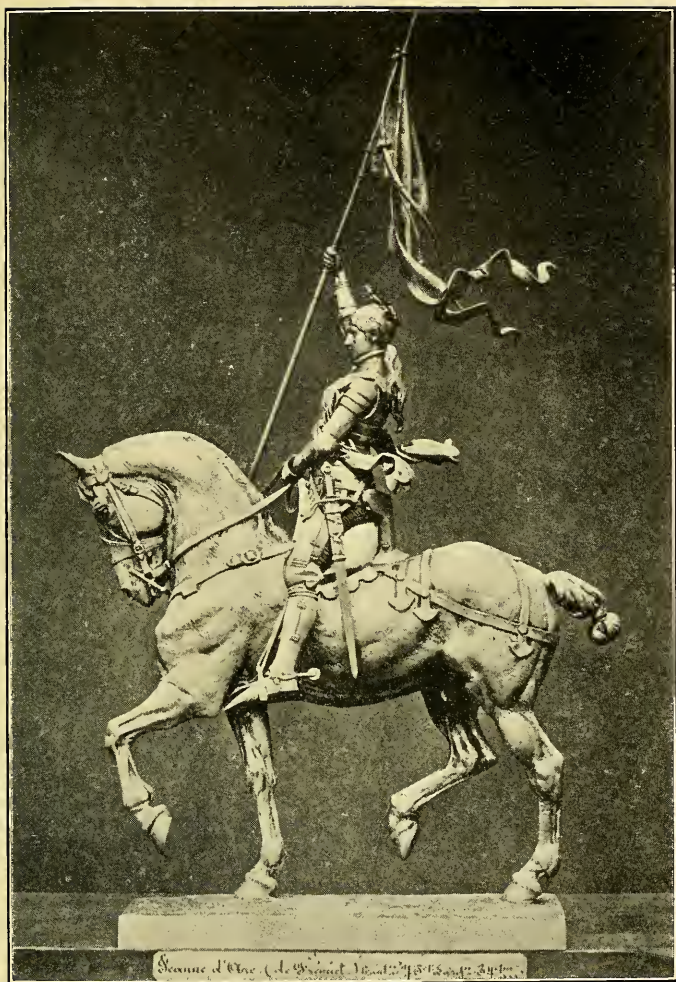
Compiègne was sore pressed, she determined to seek freedom at the risk of her life. From the top of the tower of the castle of Beaurevoir, she leaped to the ground, missed a footing, was disabled, seized, and, once more interned. Soon after, the English accepted Philip's terms, and he sent the Maid to Crotoy, where she was delivered to the deputies of Henry VI. From Crotoy, toward the end of December, 1430, she was removed to Rouen and imprisoned in a tower of the royal castle. Manfully, gallantly, the English chained, hand and foot, the young peasant girl, for whom they had paid a price almost double that of a King.

By letters patent issued in the name of the English sovereign, and dated January 3, 1431, Jeanne d' Arc was handed over to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Beauvais; and this was done notwithstanding the fact that, after her arrival at Rouen, the University of Paris had made a demand on both Bedford and Cauchon, that she should be brought to Paris and be tried there, becomingly, by men learned in ecclesiastical law and in theology. The English desired a condemnation, rather than a trial by a competent tribunal, and this desire was apparent not only from their disregard of the University's request, but also from their selection of Cauchon, who, as Bishop of Beauvais, had no jurisdiction in the See of Rouen; and still more, from the provision

inserted in the letters patent, requiring that in case of the ecclesiastical courts finding her not guilty, Jeanne should be recommitted to the King's officers; a provision which it was hardly worth wasting a scribe's time in writing, for the King's officers took good care that their prisoner never passed out of the hands of the King's jailors.

Cauchon's lack of jurisdiction was a serious matter. In the effort to make good his defect, he obtained from the archiepiscopal Chapter of Rouen, a document conceding him jurisdiction within the territory of the archdiocese, for this particular case. In fact this concession was null and void, because the Chapter did not act freely, being swayed by the threats and the promises of the English government. The mere thought that Jeanne d'Arc, a virgin, dutiful, devout, heroic, is to be tried as a heretic, awakens our pity, our sympathy; but knowing, as we do, that she is to be tried by one who has usurped the office of a judge, and by a court such as a false judge must select; and that the forms of a sacred law are to be dishonored in order to compass her death; and, still worse, to calumniate her, our souls are fired with a just detestation of the horrible criminals, as well as of their infamous crime.

From among his intimates and those whom he thought he could rely upon, Cauchon chose a body of consultors, numbering not less than



EQUESTRIENNE STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC
Frémiet

seventy. The prosecution of the case against the Maid he confided to a former official of the diocese of Beauvais, a certain Jean d'Estivet, who showed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him by his unprincipled superior. Though, nominally, officials of an ecclesiastical court, judge and jury were actually employees of the English King, receiving, as they did, a liberal stipend through the Duke of Bedford.

There was no evidence against Jeanne. No witnesses had appeared, accusing her of any ecclesiastical crime. To try her, it was necessary to make charges against her. A commission was despatched to Domremy to enquire into her early life, and, if possible, to lay the foundation for an indictment. The report of this commission was not helpful to those who had plotted her ruin. More than six weeks passed before Cauchon felt it safe officially to declare that there was ground for proceeding against the Maid. Immediately after this declaration, she was cited to appear before the Bishop of Beauvais, on February 21, at eight o'clock in the morning.

The trial thus opened on February 21, 1431, closed only on May 30, though, within this period, according to the forms of law, Jeanne was the subject of several processes. Between February 21 and March 3, she was examined, outside of the jail, on six different occasions. On March 10, a secret examination was initiated,

in the jail itself. This examination, adjourned from day to day, ended on March 17; and within these eight days, the unfortunate prisoner was interrogated during no less than nine long and wearisome sessions. At the secret examination, the prosecutors, for such they were, numbered only five; and they were discreetly chosen for the work, by Cauchon, because of their subserviency.

These fifteen inquisitions, public and secret, were intended to prepare the way for the ordinary trial of the Maid. She had been questioned and cross-questioned, artfully, on many matters having no relation with the faith of a Catholic, and on some matters that even learned folk might innocently answer in a most heretical fashion. Had her answers been truthfully recorded, it is questionable whether, unlettered as she was, a single flaw could be found in them. But her answers were not set down truthfully. Under the direction of Cauchon, and of his servile agents, the written page was made to lie about her. A heretic, or a witch, she must be proved. Who else could have thrashed the English, and the Burgundians, so often and so sorely! From a lying record, between March 18 and 26, no less than seventy articles were formulated, and, on the 27th, Jeanne, having been taken from the jail and led into a hall of the castle of Rouen, was submitted to another ex-

amination on each of these articles. Thirty-nine canonists and theologians faced the lone Maid on this day; on the 28th, thirty-five confronted her. Ye maidens who are not yet heroes! But I need not appeal to you,—on your tender, heartfelt prayers, Jeanne d'Arc can count.

Three days later, Cauchon, with eight others, put her to a further test, in the jail. After this she was left to herself until April 18, and meantime skilful doctors in theology revised the seventy articles of accusation, and compressed them to twelve. These were submitted to each of the consultors and to the University of Paris, with a letter from Cauchon inviting one and all to say that the “assertions” contained in the articles were opposed to the faith, scandalous, rash, contrary to good morals, and, in a word culpable. The University, and the majority of the consultors, basing their opinion on the statement presented to them, answered as Cauchon desired. He could not formally condemn the Maid, but the road was clear.

IV

FROM DUNGEON TO SCAFFOLD.

We left the Maid in her dungeon.

The long confinement, the strain upon her mind, the cruelty of her jailers, told upon Jeanne's hardy frame. The wonder is that she bore her afflictions so long. Five coarse English soldiers guarded her, three being constantly in the cell with her, and two outside. At night she was chained abed, nor could she rise until the guards unlocked the irons. She was denied the sacraments, though in the public sessions and in the jail, she begged to be allowed to confess and communicate. Her false judge would not even permit her to enter the castle chapel to pray, and a humane process-server, who admitted her to the chapel, on the way to the trial chamber, was threatened with imprisonment in a dark dungeon. To add to their persecutions, they set a spy upon her, one Nicholas Loiseleur, a canon of Rouen, who, disguised, now as a shoemaker, now as a captive French soldier, now as a priest from Lorraine—her own land—invited her confidence, that he might abuse it, and even tried to make her convict herself, encouraging her to

refuse to submit to the Church, and suggesting to her answers that would have justified a verdict of guilty. No less infamously, Cauchon, with some of Bedford's intimates, listened to these conversations, at a convenient hole in the wall.

When Jeanne fell ill of fever, the English were alarmed. They feared to lose a victim. The physicians of the King, Henry, were ordered to watch her carefully, as Bedford wished her to die "on the scaffold, after the sentence of her judges, and not otherwise." She was still feeble when, on April 18, Cauchon entered the prison, informed her of the poor opinion of her entertained by the learned doctors he had consulted, and exhorted her to recant her errors, and thus become again a child of the Church. As the Maid declined to be put out of the Church, without good reason, and the decree of a lawful authority, she was once more summoned and produced before Cauchon's court, in the great hall of the castle, on May 2. Sixty-three consultors sat in state; the twelve articles were read to her and speeches were addressed to her. She listened; she was attentive when one consultor after another pleaded with her to consider the dangers that threatened her body and her soul; but Jeanne made no sign of consenting to plead guilty of any crime. Failing to affect his purpose by the use of words alone, her iniquitous

judge determined to try force. On May 9, she was taken into the chamber of torture, and there Cauchon, in the presence of nine of his consultants, threatened to compel her "to acknowledge and confess the truth," unless she solemnly avowed the error of her ways. The Maid had never feared the rush of flying arrows on the battle-field, the cannon's deadly bolt, nor sword, nor axe, nor javelin, wielded by the fiercest, strongest man. Before the instruments of torture, she stood unawed. Cauchon hesitated, and sent her back to prison. Three days later, fourteen of the consultants debated whether or not the girl should be racked. By a vote of eleven against three, she was spared. It is more than probable that she escaped from the inhuman punishment of torture, only because of her physical weakness. Her persecutors feared lest she should die under the infliction, and thus deprive them of the gratification of seeing the woman, who had vanquished the English, consumed by fire.

Fifty-one consultants gathered in the archiepiscopal chapel of Rouen on May 19. The answer of the University of Paris to Cauchon's report of the trial was read and considered. It was condemnatory; declaring her a heretic, or, at least, justly suspected of heresy, and her visions, lying and pernicious. Unless she abjured, she should be handed over to the secular

power, and be duly punished. The opinion of the great University was seconded by the fifty-one consultors, with a remarkable unanimity. Several demanded that the Maid be sentenced, then and there, but more moderate counsels prevailed, and the sentence was deferred until the heretic, or suspect, had a last chance to confess her guilt and to assume the infamy that, by right, pertained to her unjust judges.

Into the castle hall, Jeanne entered, for the last time, on the twenty-third of May. Cauchon, with ten clerical assistants, awaited her. A doctor in theology had been appointed to sermonize her, and he performed the duty with a proper respect for the rules of rhetorical art, his chief defect being, merely a lack of regard for truth and good sense. The Twelve Articles, and the opinions of the University of Paris, supplied him with a text and with a matter for discourse. At the end, he summoned the Maid to deny her heavenly mission; to repudiate the revelations she had been favored with, thanks to her Lord, the King of Heaven; and to obey the Church.

Reciting Jeanne's answer to this formal summons, I shall the more plainly demonstrate her firmness of will, the rectitude of her conscience, and the discomfiture of her malicious and usurping judges. "As to my acts and words," said she, "I appeal to them, as I have testified to them during this trial, and I stand by them. If

I were on the road to the grave; nay, if I saw the pyre, and the executioner ready to light the fire; nay more, if I were amid the flames, I would say no word other than what I have said during this trial, and by my words I shall stand until death."

What were Jeanne's words during this atrocious trial, and to what acts did she refer? The false record is long, but the substance of the charges and of her defence can be compressed into a small space. I spoke of her defence; and yet the Maid had no defender. In the beginning she challenged her judges for favor, demanding that a number of French ecclesiastics should form a part of the court. This most reasonable demand being denied, she asked for the assistance of an advocate, pleading her lack of education. Again she met with a refusal. After the fifteen inquisitions, secret and public, of the preparatory process, Cauchon astutely offered to select several counsel to advise her, but the Maid prudently responded that "she had no intention of putting aside the counsel of our Lord."

Aside from her inspiration, Jeanne d'Arc was a notable woman, gifted with a quick perception, a good memory, a ready wit, a keen power of observation, a wonderful fortitude, and rare self-control. These qualities stood her in good stead, as, alone, she bore the attack of the crowd of shrewd, trained scholars, day after day. Had

she fought no other battles, she would still command our admiration, because of her splendid campaign in the jail and the castle-hall at Rouen.

Though the main purpose of the trial was to induce the Maid to accuse herself of some crime, Cauchon endeavored to worm out of her a secret in which the English were much interested; the mysterious revelation made by her to Charles VII., when, in March, 1429, she met him for the first time, at Chinon. Examined, re-examined, pushed, pressed, she retained the secret. They might have known as much from her answer at the time the subject was broached: "You will never drag that out of me. I promised to keep it a secret. I cannot tell it, without committing perjury." In the torture chamber, Cauchon endeavored to extort the secret from her, but, even there he failed.

Jeanne was not adjudged a heretic on the ground that she could and did keep a secret; but an act no more criminal, under the circumstances, subjected her to many painful interrogatories, and was, in the end, an occasion of her condemnation. Wearing a man's dress, it was argued that she could not be a holy woman, and that she must be a wicked woman. Still she would not put on a woman's dress. "Remove me from this prison," she said, "and I'll don woman's clothes. Just now I am satisfied with those I have, since it pleases God that I should

wear them." If they would permit her to hear Mass, she would change her habit, but only on the condition that, returning from Mass, her male attire should be at her service. They might cut off her head, but a woman's garments she would not assume without the permission of our Lord. One would imagine that, considering Jeanne's assertion that she had made a vow of virginity, and the fact of her being deprived of any association with her own sex, and of her being compelled to live day and night under the eye of five rough soldiers, without whose permission she could not rise from her bed, Cauchon would have commended her for retaining the dress she had favored since she took up a man's work. but no; he and his intimates, with a persistence which was cruel, even if not malicious, tormented her day after day with demands that she should put on woman's apparel. Finally they offered to allow her to perform her religious duties, if she would dress like a woman. Her refusal, and its terms, are the best evidence to the perils of her surroundings. "That is not in my power," said she to Cauchon; "if it were, it should be quickly done. Even to communicate, I cannot do what you ask. I beg you to let me hear Mass, in a man's clothing. This dress does not trouble my conscience, and, wearing it, I do not think I am disobedient to the Church." In the end they

prevailed. What came of it, we shall learn in good time.

Why the English insisted that the young French girl, who had whipped their boldest and cleverest leaders, should not wear the clothes that betoken manhood, even the plea of national pride will neither excuse nor explain; but we can easily understand why Bedford, or the Duke of Burgundy, should have been desirous of forcing the Maid to disavow the reality of her heavenly visions, and thus to discredit her positive claim to a providential mission. Had she acknowledged herself to be an impostor, the enemies of France might well have rejoiced. It is not pleasing to know that God is on the other side.

About her relations with celestial beings, Jeanne was chary of speech at first. Vaguely she described her patrons as "voices." "Have your 'voices' visible forms; have they eyes?" was a question put to her on a day in February. "You shall not know, as yet," she replied; "Children have a saying that: 'Men are often hung for telling the truth.' " She might have added that one woman would be burned for the same cause. Frequently Cauchon returned to this subject; and, at times, she was more explicit, saying that St. Catharine and St. Margaret wore magnificent crowns; that their voices were charming, soft and humble, and that these saints

addressed her in French. "Does St. Margaret speak English?" Cauchon asked. "Why should she?" the Maid quaintly answered, "not being on the side of the English." One other question of Cauchon's will illustrate the same wisdom of Jeanne's judges, and also her apt wit. "Is St. Michael naked?" queried the Bishop of Beauvais. We can see the girl's eye sparkle as she replies questioningly: "Do you think that God has not wherewith to clothe him?" The attempt to induce her to cast a doubt on the reality of her visions and "voices" failed absolutely. From first to last she affirmed that she was continually, as she had been for years, in communication with saints and angels. "Whatever good I have done," she asserted on March 12, "I did by the command of the 'voices.'" And clinching the matter, she declared that the name, by which she was commonly known, was heaven-sent. "Before the deliverance of Orléans, and on the other days on which they spoke to me, my 'voices' often called me—'Jeanne the Maid, child of God.'"

As to the providential character of her mission, she never wavered. "Do those of your party," she was asked on March 3, firmly believe that you come with the warrant of God?" To this she replied: "I know nothing about it; I leave it to their hearts; but, whether they believe it, or no, I do come with God's warrant."

"Then," said her judge, "if they so believe, is their opinion sound?" "Yes," answered the Maid, "they are not deceived." Twenty-eight days later, while they were striving to induce her to cast a doubt upon her inspiration, she exclaimed: "I hold it impossible to deny the visions and revelations I have had, the words spoken, or the acts accomplished by the order of God." Within these twenty-eight days, time and again, had her persecutors captiously interrogated her, seeking a word or a phrase that could serve them as a pretext for convicting her of heresy. A question concerning the visions, voices, and mission of Jeanne, served their purpose.

Arbitrarily deciding that she was an emissary of the devil, and not of God—a subject which he had not judicially investigated, and could not lawfully determine—Cauchon asked the Maid if she was willing to submit to the judgment of the Church militant upon all her words and acts. Jeanne, it was evident, was not as familiar as the theologians with the distinction between the "Church militant" and the "Church triumphant;" so they graciously explained to her the meaning of these terms. Thereupon she replied: "I came to succor the King of France in the name of the Lord, of the Virgin Mary, and of all the blessed saints of paradise, in the name of the whole victorious Church on high, and by its command, and to that Church I submit all my good

actions, and in general all that I have done, and all that I shall yet do." Making this answer, the Maid had no intention of refusing to submit to lawful authority. Her offer, on several occasions, to accept the decision of the Pope, and her request that her case be carried before the Head of the Church, prove sufficiently her spirit of obedience. She saw clearly that the "Church militant," whose judgment Cauchon wished her to accept, was Cauchon. Of the supernatural character of her mission, she was certain; and knowing the English agent's mind, and his readiness to affirm the wickedness of her claims and of her acts, she was unwilling to acknowledge his right to pass judgment on one or the other. The Church had not condemned Jeanne. The question of her inspiration had not been authoritatively examined; and therefore, Cauchon, even if his jurisdiction were indisputable, acted arbitrarily in requiring Jeanne to impugn her heavenly mission. Remembering her sex, her love for the Church, her devotion to all the Church holds dear, how mean are the fine phrases of the heretics a portion of the world pretends to admire, compared with the saying of the peasant girl of Lorraine, when, looking calmly on the instruments of torture, she challenged her English assassins: "On my word, should you command my limbs to be torn apart, and should you drive my soul out of my body,



JOAN OF ARC AT THE BATTLE OF JARGEAU

Lanson

I would always say that, if I held otherwise than I have held, it was owing to your violence." "St. Gabriel—and you may be sure it was St. Gabriel—visited me six days ago," she added, "on the feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross." Thus courageously she reaffirmed her commerce with heaven; and, after this resolute protestation, Cauchon cannot have been astonished at her declaration, a week later, that: "If she were on the road to the grave, and saw the pyre lighted—nay, if the flames were roasting her flesh, she would say no word other than what she had said."

Omitting many interesting details of Jeanne's mock trial, we have summed up the case as it stood on May 23, 1431. A day later, Cauchon, who, it would seem, was inspired, but not by heavenly spirits, to pile infamy on infamy, summoned Jeanne to the cemetery of St. Ouen. On a raised platform sat the Bishop of Beauvais and three other Bishops, and with them, Beaufort, the Cardinal of Winchester, and a number of doctors. From another stage, the Maid faced these dignitaries, and a rabble, not wholly friendly. Forthwith a preacher addressed her in abusive terms, ending with a demand that she should recant her errors and submit to the Church militant. "I have requested that the whole process be sent to Rome," Jeanne responded: "I appeal to God and the Pope." The

executioner was ready to kindle the fire, they told her, unless she abjured. A crowd of clerics closed around her, some rebuking, others admonishing, counselling, and others pleading with her not to court death. A secretary of the judges proffered her a scrap of paper, begging her to sign it, and thus save her life. The Maid could not read. In a low tone the secretary read. The purport of the document was vague enough. They promised that upon her signing it, the galling chains would be removed, and that she should be allowed to hear Mass and to receive the Sacraments. Between her fingers a pen was inserted. Overcome by physical weakness, by emotion, by her isolation, by the suggestion of her enemies, she described an *O* on the paper. Her name she could not write. Taking her hand in his, Cauchon's secretary guided it so that the signature counterfeited the form of a cross. Immediately the word passed around: "she has abjured! she has abjured!"

The Bishop of Beauvais, not deficient in forethought, had provided himself with two drafts of a sentence. By one, the Maid was condemned to the flames; the substance of the other, we shall soon know. Putting aside the death sentence, the unjust judge arose and mercifully informed his innocent victim, that, because she had recanted her errors, he relieved her from

excommunication and received her again into the bosom of the Church. Then he read to her a formal sentence: She had been guilty of grave sins; these sins must be expiated, and, therefore, she was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, on the bread of sorrow and the water of anguish.

To the cell she had so long suffered in, Jeanne was led back. Her chains were not removed; the five troopers were still her companions. Ordered to put on a woman's dress, she now consented, and for three days she wore this apparel. On the morning of May 27, desiring to get out of bed, she asked the soldiers to unlock the fetters and manacles that shackled her tight. The base fellows flung at her the dress of a man—the very clothes she had so long worn. The woman's dress had been taken away. She put on the male apparel. Promptly the news was carried to Cauchon. With several consultants he went to the jail on the next morning and demanded of her why she had reassumed a man's costume. The Maid's answer should have shamed the clerics: "As I live in company with men it is more decent in me to wear men's dress." Then Cauchon asked if she had recently heard her "voices," and if she still believed they were St. Catharine and St. Margaret. Her "voices" had spoken with her, she replied, and she still had faith in them. The purpose of the Bishop was to convict Jeanne of a relapse into heresy. In

fact, by the terms of the document to which, reluctantly and irresponsibly, she had subscribed a cross mark, in the cemetery of St. Ouen, she was bound to wear a woman's clothes and to repudiate her mission. A fraud had been perpetrated by the officious secretary of the judges. Reading to the frightened Maid a short and indefinite manuscript, he substituted another, definite and comprehensive. Unaware of the method by which she had been cheated, no sooner did Jeanne learn the character of the abjuration they attributed to her, than she publicly denounced it. "If I said that God has not sent me," were her words to Cauchon, "I should damn myself; for in truth, it is God who sent me. If I revoke anything I lied, or I acted through fear of fire. I had rather do my penance, at once, by dying, than longer to endure such sufferings in this prison. Whatever they made me deny, I have never done anything against God nor against the Faith. I intended, and so I now declare, formally, to revoke nothing."

There was joy in the English camp. The common soldiers had not been pleased with the doings in the cemetery of St. Ouen. They went there to see the woman burned, and they believed the clergy had tricked them and showed undue favor to the witch. Their displeasure had been openly shown by threats, cries, and naked

weapons. The removal, by the guards, of her womanly attire, and their refusal to return it, showed a hatred that could be appeased only by her murder. They had not long to wait. A meeting of the consultors was called on May 29. More than forty attended. Cauchon accused the Maid of having relapsed into heresy; and all those present so adjudged.

Early in the morning of May 30, 1431, the Maid was summoned to appear, at eight o'clock, in the market-place of Rouen. Is it any wonder that the tears welled from her eyes, or that, sobbing, she exclaimed: "Can it be that they will treat me thus cruelly! To think that my body, clean and whole, and incorrupted, shall to-day be consumed, reduced to ashes! I had rather have them hack my neck seven times, than be burned. Alas! Had I been in the ecclesiastical prison, and guarded by the Church officials, and not by my enemies, the English, I should not have made so miserable an end." And then, as well she might, she remembered the Seat of Justice: "I appeal," she cried, "before God, the Great Judge, against the grievous wrongs and injuries done unto me."

They permitted a priest to visit her, and to him the Maid confessed twice over. After consultation with the theologians, Cauchon allowed her to receive Holy Communion, and one can well believe the testimony of her confessor that

her piety was indescribable. The time was short. She was placed on a car and hurried to the market-place, guarded by one hundred and twenty armed English soldiers.

We have been in the market-place, amid the ten thousand spectators, and have surveyed the platforms on which the Cardinal of Winchester, the bishops and the doctors are seated. It is nine o'clock. The young girl, for whom the English paid a price almost double that of a king, mounts the scaffold. On a foundation of masonry, the fagots are piled high. Over them rises the stake, topped by the lying inscription: "Jeanne, who called herself the Maid, a liar, a pernicious woman, a deceiver of the people, a soothsayer, a superstitious woman, a blasphemer of God, a presumptuous woman, an unbeliever, a boaster, an idolatrous, a cruel, dissolute woman, an invocatrix of devils, apostate, schismatic and heretic."

Maiden-like, Jeanne wears a long gown; her head is covered. Removing the kerchief, the executioner replaces it by a paper mitre, on which are inscribed the words: "Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolater." A cleric appointed by Cauchon, addresses the "heretic" at great length—a full hour, by the dial—and closes by excommunicating her, and handing her over to the secular power. Before the crowd, Jeanne falls upon her knees, and, in a loud voice prays:

"Holy Trinity, have pity on me, I believe in you! Jesus have pity on me! O Mary, pray for me! St. Michael, St. Gabriel, St. Catharine, St. Margaret, aid me! *All ye who are here, pardon me as I pardon you!* Do you, priests, each one, say a Mass for the repose of my soul. *Do not accuse my King: for what I did, he is not responsible; and if I did ill, he is innocent.* O Jesus! O Mary! All yet blest saints in paradise, protect me! Succor me!" Even Cauchon cannot restrain a tear; men with softer hearts weep as freely as you and I.

"Lift up a crucifix," says the Maid, "so that I may have it continually before my eyes, until my death." They tie her to the stake. On her left breast rests the rude wooden Cross. The smoke rises; the flames embrace her. Heaven opens to her. "St. Michael! St. Michael!" she cries, joyfully; and then, victorious in the grasp of death, she challenges her unjust judges, with the memorable words: "No my 'voices' did not deceive me; my mission was from God. Jesus! Jesus!"

Plash! The water reddens as the Maid's bleeding heart strikes the surface of the Seine, and sinks down into the softened ooze. Defeat, the neglect of ungrateful friends, the contumely of heartless enemies, an outcast criminal's death—do these, one, or all, signify that our Lord has forsaken His great-hearted child? Who hath

known the mind of the Lord! The cup of strong wine that the Lord holdeth in His hand, doth He not turn it this way and that? Aye! And to the wicked alone doth He give the dregs. We shall see them drink the bitter draught, while heaven itself bears witness that the mission of the peasant Maid of Arc was indeed from God.

V

FROM ROUEN TO ROME.

"We have burned a saint; we are ruined!" So spake Jean Thiessart to one, to another—to all who would listen—as, pensively, he made his way through the crowd, that, satiated, or sickened, with the odor of the Maid's burning flesh, hurried out of the market-place of Rouen into the neighboring streets. No common man was Jean Thiessart, but, indeed, the secretary of the King of England.

On the morrow, among courtiers, soldiers, clerics and townfolk, there were whisperings about other strange sayings and doings. It was reported, and the story was true, that, as Jean was riding to the scaffold, Loiseleur—the miserable fellow who, conspiring against her life, had lied to her—jumped on the moving car. Overcome by remorse, he sought the pardon of her whom he had so gravely injured; but the guards cast him off, and, as he lay on the ground, buffeted him, and, were it not for the officers, would have killed him. Why should he, who had endeavored, by the vilest means, to convict the girl of heresy and of sorcery, kneel at her feet, im-

ploring? Did he know her to be innocent? Perhaps Jean Thiessart was right, and they had burned a saint.

The story of the executioner, every one knew. Wherever he turned, he saw a bleeding heart. The waters of the Seine had not hidden the heart from his view. Quaking, he had presented himself to the clergy. "God will never pardon me," he cried, and cried again, as he told how the oil and sulphur had failed, and how he found the Maid's heart, sound and whole. Could it be that they had burned a saint! Would ruin follow!

During the process, Jeanne had spoken words which no one who heard them, or who heard of them, could forget. On February 24, at the third public session, turning to Cauchon, she thus addressed him: "You say you are my judge; beware of what you do, for, verily, I am sent by God, and you are putting yourself in great danger." At the solemn session of May 2, when, in the presence of sixty-three consultants, the Bishop of Beauvais tried to force a plea of guilty from her, threatening her with punishment by fire, the Maid warned him once again: "If you do to me what you say, beware! for evil shall come to your body and to your soul." And on the last day of her life, as Cauchon, visiting her in the jail, tried to extort from her a renunciation of her claim to a heavenly mission, her answer was a refusal and

a summons: "Bishop, through you I die. I appeal from you to God!" If they had burned a saint, Cauchon and his abettors might well feel anxious as they recalled the Maid's admonitions and her fearless appeal to the divine Seat of Justice.

Neither Cauchon, nor his criminal tools, had greater cause for alarm than had their cruel masters, the English deputies of the boy king, Henry VI. Warning her wicked judge, menacing him with the vengeance of God, the Maid had also prophesied the ruination of the invaders of her fatherland. During the fifth public interrogatory, on March 1, 1431, enthused by the memory of the letter she addressed to the English king in his regent, two years earlier, on the eve of her departure from Blois to rescue Orléans, she uttered these ominous words: "Before seven years have passed, the English shall pay a forfeit much larger than that of Orléans. They will suffer a loss greater than any they have suffered in France; and this loss will come to them through a grand victory which God will send to the French." "How do you know this?" asked Cauchon; to whom the Maid answered: "I know it by revelation. This shall happen within seven years, and I should regret its not happening long before the expiration of that time." Cauchon plied her with questions, and again he demanded: "How do you know these

things will happen?" Whereupon she replied: "I know these things through SS. Catharine and Margaret."

Seventeen days later, when the judges commanded her to deny the reality of her heavenly visions and voices, the Maid prophesied once more, with these words: "As to the good deeds I have done, and as to my mission, I leave them to the King of Heaven, who sent me to Charles, son of Charles, King of France, who shall be King of France. You shall see the French gain a great advantage, soon; so great that almost the whole kingdom will be wondrously commoved. I say this, in order that when it happens, men may remember that I said it." Were these vain words? Or were they inspired by heaven—messages to a saint from SS. Catharine and Margaret? If Jean Thiessart, witnessing the Maid's death, formed a just conclusion, then, well may the English be troubled about the future.

As Jeanne said, so it happened. Six months after her murder, desiring to tone up the waning courage of his army and to impress upon the French people the might and resolve of England, the Duke of Bedford challenged once more the right of Charles to the French throne. Pompously, Henry VI. was anointed and crowned King of France, at Paris, on December 17, 1431, by the Cardinal of Winchester. The effect of

this ceremonious display in the capital did not equal their hopes, and the English leaders began to lose faith in the success of their cause. Could they have made terms with the French king, they would have done so, gladly. Charles, however, showed unusual firmness. He fought the enemy at every point; and though he did not fight incessantly, with might and main, as Jeanne always counselled, still he fought; now winning, now losing, a battle, but constantly gaining ground. At length he had determined that the foreigner should be driven out of the whole of France.

Not alone in the field did the English suffer reverses. Philip of Burgundy turned against Bedford, a year after the crowning of Henry VI. at Paris. Patriotism was not the motive that influenced Philip. Interest prompted him to abandon the English, but he did not join hands with Charles. He was not averse to forming a union with his old enemy, provided he could have the best of the bargain. The King negotiated with the Duke, while delaying an agreement in the hope that, showing no anxiety, Burgundy might be induced to lessen his demands. In time the pressure from friends in France and outside of France, compelled Charles to yield; and in September, 1435, the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy buried their enmities before the altar of the Church of St. Wast, at Arras. A

week earlier, death had deprived the English of their great leader, Bedford. The loss of their powerful ally, the Duke of Burgundy, was only the beginning of the end. Seven months later they paid a forfeit much larger than that of Orléans, and suffered a loss greater than any they had suffered in France. On April 13, 1436, Paris surrendered to the forces of Charles VII., and amid cries of: "Long live the King"—"Accursed be the English!" the French entered the capital which had been held by the enemies of the Crown during eighteen long years. Thus was the prophecy of Jeanne in part fulfilled. The term of seven years had not closed—indeed the sixth year had barely opened, counting from the day on which she foretold the grand victory that God would send to the French. And when it happened as she said, there were men who remembered the Maid's words; and among these, not a few recalled the saying of Jean Thiessart: "We have burned a saint; we are ruined."

Over the capture of Paris, the whole kingdom was "wondrously commoved." The King put on a new manhood; he grew firmer, bolder, more energetic. At the head of his army, he charged with a spirit like unto that of the young peasant maiden of Domremy. Less subservient to the royal Council, he directed the affairs of his kingdom, and, while pushing back the invader, reorganized his forces. Eight years after the



TRIUMPHANT ENTRY OF JOAN OF ARC INTO ORLÉANS

Painting by J. J. Scherrer

taking of the capital, he consented, at Tours, to sign a truce with the English. From 1444 to 1449, he labored, seriously and wisely, to undo the evil effects of the long wars, consolidating his power, securing to his subjects the benefits of orderly government, encouraging agriculture and the industries that can flourish only where peace reigns. When, on March 24, 1449, the English broke the truce of Tours, they had a new France to cope with.

Into the stronghold of the usurpers, Normandy, the French army marched, Charles himself commanding. Fortress after fortress surrendered. From siege to siege, the King advanced, victory ever accompanying him. On the sixth of October he summoned Rouen to open its gates. The inhabitants accepted the terms offered them, but the Duke of Somerset, who had succeeded Bedford as Lieutenant of Henry VI., made a show of defending the city. On the hill of St. Catharine it was that, on the nineteenth of the month, Charles planted his artillery. Ten days later Somerset capitulated. Regardless of snow and of biting frosts, the King besieged Harfleur. A month afterwards, the English surrendered. In the Spring of 1450, reinforcements came from England, but they availed nothing. Each month, increasing the conquests, increased also the courage and the enthusiasm of the French army. On June 5, they invested

Caen, the second great city of Normandy. The Duke of Somerset, here, as at Rouen, defended as best he could; but the French attack was irresistible, and, on the nineteenth day of the siege, he was compelled to capitulate once again. Cherbourg fell on the twelfth of August—a date that marks the ruin of the English in Normandy.

A province, ample and rich, Guyenne, still acknowledged, as, ever since Philip the Fair's imprudently generous concession, it had acknowledged, the dominion of the English. Faithful to his purpose of driving the invader out of the whole of France, Charles, within a month after the capture of Cherbourg, sent a goodly force into Guyenne, under skilful leaders. Before Winter had set in, many towns were freed from English rule. In the Spring of 1451, the French re-opened the campaign and vanquished all opposition. On the twelfth of June, Bordeaux submitted; on the twentieth of August, Bayonne ceased to resist. Thus Guyenne, too, was freed from the yoke of the foreigner. However, this conquest was not final. Resenting the unreasonable exactions of certain French officials, the inhabitants of Bordeaux secretly agreed with the English, in 1452, to betray the city into their hands. A considerable force sailed from England, and, on October 22, entered Bordeaux. Though they recovered several towns in the

neighborhood, Charles held the English in check until the June following, when, at the head of his army, he put the invader on the defensive. At Castillon, where, on July 17, 1453, they lost their leader, Lord Talbot, the English suffered an irremediable defeat. Bordeaux still held out; but, besieged by land and sea, it submitted for the second, and last time, on the ninth of October.

“Do SS. Catharine and Margaret hate the English?” was a question asked of the Maid by her wily judge, during the trial at Rouen. Very simply she answered: “They love what our Lord loves, and hate what He hates.” A question no less artful followed: “Does God hate the English?” The Maid’s response we may fitly recall now: “Of God’s love or hate of the English, and of what He does with their souls, I know nothing whatsoever, but well do I know that they will be expelled from France—except those who shall die on its soil.” Twenty-two years and six months have run by. The English have been expelled from France—all of them, except only those who died on its soil. They are ruined, as Jean Thiessart lamented they would be, on the day he declared they had burned a saint. And Charles, son of Charles, King of France, to whom the Maid was sent, “by the King of Heaven,” with the promise that he should be

King of France, *is*, at length, the King of France—united France.

As Jeanne foretold, beginning with the first day on which she publicly announced her mission from heaven, so it befell the English invader. How fared it with Cauchon and his abettors who maligned her, persecuted her, burned her? Did evil come to them, as she warned them that evil would? Hearing the facts, each listener may form his own judgment. While she stood on the scaffold, in the market-place at Rouen, Master Nicholas Midi preached at her, using language ill-befitting the moment, or the person of the innocent girl. Master Midi was a luminary of the University of Paris. A henchman of Cauchon, he had been among the first of those chosen by the Bishop to contrive the process and to secure the conviction of the Maid. Gossips had not ceased talking over the incidents of her execution, when Nicholas Midi was stricken with leprosy. We have seen Loiseleur on the ground, beside the executioner's car, and the English soldiers beating him. They would have killed him rather than that he should obtain from the Maid the pardon he asked for. Loiseleur's was a base soul. Not only had he deceived Jeanne, conspiring with Cauchon to make her conviction sure, but when the inhuman Bishop would have tortured the girl, he was one of a cowardly three who voted: Aye. At Bâle, Loiseleur's life was

snuffed out, like a candle flame in the whirl of the wind. Cauchon's chief agent, Jean d'Estivet, canon of the diocese of Beauvais, the merciless prosecutor and persecutor of the Maid, from the day she fell under his heavy hand until the hour in which the fagots were lighted beneath her girlish body—Jean d'Estivet's corpse was found—not in the Seine, but in a sewer. When Paris was captured by the French, the infamous Cauchon—traitor as well as murderer—was there, a witness to the fulfilment of his saintly victim's prophecy. How he schemed to get the Maid away from the Burgundians we know. Then and afterwards, every act of his was inspired by an unholy ambition. When Jeanne revived the patriotism of the French people, the inhabitants of Beauvais took the King's side; and as Cauchon, then Bishop of Beauvais, supported the cause of the foreign invader, his flock refused him, not only obedience, but even a home in the city. In England, he found a patron: the Cardinal of Winchester. The archiepiscopal See of Rouen was vacant. With the English cardinal's influence, Cauchon hoped to obtain this valuable prize. To make sure of this influence he violated all law, unjustly trying and unjustly executing Jeanne d'Arc. Thus effecting what the English cardinal, as well as the military leaders, desired, he had good reason for thinking that he had earned a right to their

favor. Of petty honors, his patron was not chary; but his ambition to rule the See of an archbishop was never gratified. Six years after the taking of Paris, ruin came to him. While in the act of shaving, incontinently his soul parted from his body, at the summons of the Judge to whose justice Jeanne appealed, as against the injustice of the Bishop of Beauvais. As Cauchon fell to the ground, well might it be that he heard a voice, repeating, as during the years a voice had often repeated, the parting words of the Maid: "Bishop, through you I die; I appeal from you to God."

The Cardinal of Winchester, the political prelate who ordered that the ashes of the bones of Jeanne d'Arc, as well as her bleeding heart, should be cast into the Seine, died in his bed. Those who stood nigh to him on the morning of the Maid's execution, related that, as she prayed aloud, he could not hold back his tears. Many a time after that sad day, the Cardinal had cause for weeping. Through the enmity of his own nephew, the Duke of Gloucester, he was practically exiled from England during two whole years. His wealth, and his willingness to loan money to the King, as often as it was demanded, preserved him from misfortunes greater than the loss of influence at Court. On his deathbed—so it was reported—the patron of Cauchon, the man who incited him to deprive a chaste and generous

heroine of her life, and who looked on while the flames consumed her—all save her heart—that man, losing life, “lamented that money could not purchase life.”

Henry VI. of England, in whose name were perpetrated all the wrongs Jeanne the Maid suffered, had not completed his tenth year when she was burned in the fish market of Rouen. Ruined in France, as we have seen, Henry was afterwards more completely ruined at home. In the same year that Charles conquered Guyenne, and thus constituted the kingdom Jeanne was commissioned to found, Henry lost his mind; and he recovered it only to lose his liberty. Twice imprisoned by rebellious subjects, denounced by Parliament as an usurper, his crown declared forfeited, compelled to sue for aid from the French, whose country he had assailed, coveting its crown—an outcast, heartbroken by the murder of his son and heir, Henry VI. met death at the hand of an assassin. Ruin like unto this even Jean Thiessart cannot have foreseen.

On account of the obstacles they placed in her way from the day she first entered Chinon until her capture at Compiègne, we shall do the royal Council no injustice if we number its members among the Maid's enemies. Against the Council's will, I dare maintain that Jeanne d'Arc saved the kingdom of France. Seeking to discredit her while she led them from victory to

victory, they deserted her when she was captured. Abandoned by the men whom she had made great, the Maid died friendless at Rouen. They seemed to ratify the verdict of Cauchon, and with the English, to denounce her as a heretic, a sorceress, and a deceiver. Chiefest among these cowards, if not criminals, was the first minister of the King, Georges de la Trémoille, baron of Sully, a false heart, who, neither unfriendly to the Burgundians, nor wholly inimical to the English, had controlled the policy and, indeed, the person of Charles. Envy, greed and ambition had impelled La Trémoille to oppose the Maid's plans. Evil came to his gross body, and, of all places, at Chinon, in the very castle where Jeanne first met the Dauphin. There, at the end of June, 1433, a crowd of conspiring nobles attacked the baron while he lay abed. They slashed his head, stabbed him in the belly, and then jailed him. He was permitted to purchase his life, but Charles banished him from the Court. Though the King had no knowledge of the plot against his first minister he could not regret the incident which relieved him of a tyrannical master. The Council that replaced La Trémoille's neither sought nor obtained control of the King. As the events we have recorded plainly show, with a new Council, France gained a new Charles.

If the Council proved false, was not Charles

true to the Maid? Surely he, to whom she brought the succor of the King of Heaven; he, whom she anointed and crowned at Rheims; he, to whom she gave a kingdom, an army, subjects, as well as a crown; he, for whom she risked her life and shed her blood, did not abandon her! The truth is not always flattering to human nature, and, if the truth must be told, even Charles abandoned the heroic girl to whom he owed a debt incalculable. In vain have historians searched for the proofs of his gratitude or of his justice to his heroic benefactor. Not one single shred of evidence, favoring him, has been discovered. To ransom her from the English he made no effort; against her unjust trial he entered no protest. Of indignation or grief there is no sign. And yet, to the last, she was true to her King. Often during the trial she spoke of him reverently. Her saints had revealed to her knowledge that would rejoice him, and she longed for an opportunity to make him the partner of her secrets. Not once did she complain of his neglect. Of patriotism and loyalty, never has there been a nobler, loftier, manlier exemplar than Jeanne the Maid. On the twenty-fourth of May, 1431, the day on which Cauchon's agents cheated her by the substitution of a false "confession," as she stood facing the crowd in the cemetery of St. Ouen, Guillaume Érard, doctor of the University, the preacher

selected to expose, correct and censure her errors, denounced her King as a heretic and a schismatic. To emphasize his words he addressed the Maid directly: "Jeanne, it is to you I speak," and here he pointed his finger at her. "To you I say that your King is a heretic and a schismatic." Jeanne did not permit him to proceed, but, interrupting him, before the vast assembly, she exclaimed loudly: "By my faith, and with due reverence, I dare to say to you, and to swear it on my life, that he is the most noble Christian of all Christians, and the one who most loves the faith and the Church, and he is in no wise what you say." Six days later, when, before mounting the pyre, she kneeled on the ground, beseeching our Saviour and the angels and saints to have pity on her, the Maid did not forget the King: "Let not my King be accused," she prayed, sobbing. "In what I did, he was not involved, and should I have done wrong, he is innocent." If the Cardinal of Winchester shed tears—and it was rumored that he did—while listening to these expressions of tender, hearty loyalty, need we be astonished! Had even Cauchon wept I should not wonder.

Nineteen years after Jeanne's pathetic manifestation of chivalrous fidelity, the King of France showed the first sign of gratitude to his benefactor, and of abiding faith in her heavenly mission. Perhaps, entering Rouen, and looking

upon the place where her uncorrupted body was consumed as a punishment for great service rendered to him, the memories of her unselfish, her noble deeds, awakened remorse in his soul. Perhaps, too, he learned then, for the first time, from eye-witnesses, how foully she had been abused, and how shamefully the forms of law had been violated in order to insure her conviction as an infamous criminal. Whether moved by regret, pride, sympathy, or by a sense of duty, the fact is that, on the fifteenth day of February, 1450, three months after the capture of Rouen, Charles commissioned Guillaume Bouillé, dean of the chapter of Rouen, and a former rector of the University of Paris, to inquire how and why Jeanne the Maid was tried and condemned.

“Whereas, some time ago,” thus wrote King Charles, “Jeanne the Maid was captured and seized by our ancient enemies and adversaries, the English, and was brought into the city of Rouen, and by certain persons to this end deputed, an action was entered against her; and whereas, during the trial of the said action, many faults and abuses were by those persons done and committed; and, whereas, finally, on account of the great hate our aforesaid enemies bore her, iniquitously and unreasonably, and most cruelly, they put her to death; and because we desire to know the truth concerning the aforesaid process; we order, command, and ex-

pressly enjoin that you shall well and diligently inform yourself about the aforesaid matter." To this end Guillaume Bouillé was authorized to take possession of the documents relating to the trial, and to use all legal means to obtain the said documents from those who held them, and to call upon all the King's officials and subjects to aid in acquiring the said documents.

The former rector of the University of Paris discovered in Rouen seven of those who had taken part in the trial of Jeanne the Maid, or who had assisted at her execution in the fish market. Their testimony he reported in due form to the King, who submitted it to a number of theologians and canonists. By these experts he was advised that the Maid, having been tried by a tribunal which pretended to be ecclesiastical, and having been adjudged guilty of an ecclesiastical offence, he could not right the wrong done to her, if, as appeared, wrong had been done. Only at Rome could justice be sought, in the Court of Appeal of which the Pope is the deciding judge.

In 1452 Cardinal d'Estouteville, as legate of Pope Nicholas V., exercised a special authority in France. To examine into the case of Jeanne d'Arc, he had no mandate. Still, at the King's request, the Cardinal opened an inquiry, unofficial though none the less formal and comprehensive. Through a delegate, twenty witnesses

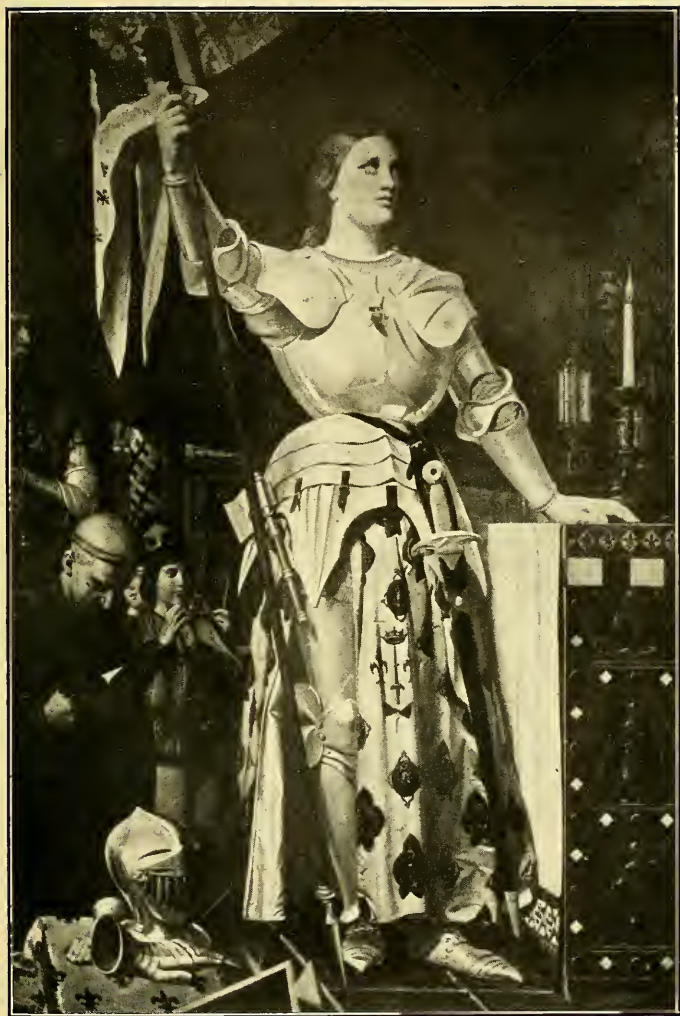
were interrogated, and their testimony having been sifted and weighed by doctors of approved learning, not only in France but also at Rome, a petition was presented to the Holy See, asking for a juridical review of the Maid's process.

This request placed the Pope in a delicate position. Cardinal d'Estouteville having acted at the request of the King of France, the Cardinal's inquiry could not be accepted at Rome except as the King's inquiry. Pleading, as a King, Charles appeared to be the accuser of the King of England, Henry VI., by whose order the Maid had been tried, and with whose consent, and, indeed, by whose command she had been burned at the stake. Condemned under the forms of ecclesiastical law, Jeanne had been burned in pursuance of an ordinance of the English law. The King of England could not be expected to submit to a decision unfavorable to himself, without attempting to influence the Holy See. Threats of reprisal, or even of schism, were not improbable. Thus, instead of settling a judicial question, there was danger of the Pope's being involved in a political quarrel. Charles recognized his error and withdrew from the case. Thereupon, the Maid's venerable mother Isabelle, and the Maid's brothers, Pierre and Jean, and a number of their relatives, petitioned the Holy See to appoint a commission, before whom they might produce legal evidence

proving that Jeanne had been wickedly condemned. Honor is dearer than life; wherefore, they desired to recover the Maid's honor, of which the English had robbed her. The mark of infamy unjustly stamped upon themselves, her family wished also to remove. In support of their petition, they charged that the Maid was not tried according to the regular forms of law; that the testimony adduced against her did not warrant a conviction; that she was denied her right of appeal to the Apostolic See; and that the whole process was null, and the sentence iniquitous.

To Calixtus III., the petition of Jeanne's mother and brothers was duly presented, and on June 11, 1455, just two months and three days after his election to the Papal chair, this illustrious Pontiff, in a letter addressed to the Archbishop of Rheims, and to the Bishops of Paris and of Coutances, nominated a commission to review Jeanne's process. These ecclesiastics were empowered and ordered, citing witnesses, to hear both sides of the case; and, having procured and considered all the requisite testimony, to render a final sentence, binding under pain of ecclesiastical censures.

The last cry of the Maid: "Jesu! Jesu!" was heard in paradise, by the King who entrusted her with a glorious mission—the one King who never deserts a loyal friend. "Shed no tears for



JOAN OF ARC AT THE CONSECRATION OF CHARLES VII

Ingres, the Louvre

the Maid," I said as the tongues of fire lapped her flesh on the pyre at Rouen, "believe firmly that the God of heaven will aid her still." In His court justice has already been done to her. At Rome, in the court of the Vicar of Christ, justice shall be done to her. There, the honor of the dead is esteemed as highly as the honor of the living. There, if the mark of infamy has been unjustly stamped upon any Christian through the abuse of the sacred law of the Church, the shameful mark will be effaced; there, the calumniators will be censured; and honor, priceless honor, will be restored for all time and in all lands. The awful wrongs inflicted at Rouen upon the "child of God," Jeanne the Maid, will surely be righted at Rome.

VI

ROME'S JUSTICE.

On a November morning, 1455, the seventh of the month, a notable group of men and women entered the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris. Perhaps they chose the portal to the right, St. Anne's, or the portal to the left, the Virgin's, though it pleases me to see the great central doors swing open and a feeble, white haired matron leading the clerics, lawyers, and common folk, as they pass under the "Last Judgment," sculptured by devout, skilful and strong hands, in the stone archivolt. A verger guides the assemblage through the aisles, halting where, formally disposed, three ecclesiastics expectantly await. At their feet, the venerable woman, foremost in the procession, prostrates herself, and, sobbing, exclaims: "Jeanne d'Arc was my daughter. I brought her up in the fear of God and in the traditions of the Church, according to her age and to her condition, as one who lived in the meadows and in the fields. She confessed and communicated every month, went to church frequently, and fasted as prescribed. Her enemies, nevertheless, without regard to her denials and appeals, falsely imputed crimes to her, at

the risk of their souls. . . . Here, now that our Holy Father, defender of the truth and help of the oppressed, has graciously accorded me judges, I come to pour forth my plaint, long repressed; I come to demand justice." Thereupon, beseechingly, the mother of the Maid stretched forth a worn hand—two worn and rugged hands—in which she held the apostolic letter of Calixtus III.; proffering the document now to one, now to another, of the seated ecclesiastics.

Among those who entered with the venerable petitioner, a man spoke up: "Where Jeanne's accusers presumed crime," said he, "there is, instead, virtue; where they presume heresy, there is religion; where they presumed a lie, there is truth; where they presumed shame, there is glory. I appeal to you, delegates of the Sovereign Pontiff, listen with compassionate benignity to the grievances of this woman who asks of you justice!" From the altars of the cathedral, worshippers had gathered around the kneeling matron. Out of the streets, the knowing and the curious had made their way. A goodly crowd followed the speaker's words, sympathetically. When he ceased, spontaneously and accordantly they shouted: "Justice! Justice!"

It was Jean Juvénal des Ursins, Archbishop of Rheims, who answered in behalf of himself and his co-delegates, Guillaume Chartier, Bishop of

Paris, and Richard de Longueuil, Bishop of Coutances: "Examining carefully and equitably the grievances of the widow," the Archbishop of Rheims declared that he and his fellow-judges would be "merely obeying the will of the Holy See, the teachings of the Scripture, and the natural dictates of conscience." Prudently he counselled the Maid's mother to consult good advisers, lest, carried away by her feelings, she should only increase her sorrows. If the judgment already rendered were reaffirmed, and if another condemnation were added to the first, would she not, as long as she lived, regret her indiscreet zeal?

Isabelle's friends answered for her: "Confident in the equity of our cause, we demand a public trial, and we are ready to appear." The judges, having deliberated, adjourned the case until the seventeenth of the month, and fixed the place of meeting in the episcopal court of Paris.

What may be fitly called the trial of Cauchon and of his criminal aids, was duly opened on November 17, 1455; it closed only on July 7, 1456. At the first session, pursuant to the Papal instruction, the delegates of the Holy See named Jean Bréhol, the inquisitor general of France, an associate of the court, and ordered him to expedite the inquiry in a manner strictly conformable with the law. To Jean Bréhol, to Simon Chapitaut, the promoter of the cause,

and to Pierre Maugier and Guillaume Prévosteau, the legal representatives of Jeanne's mother, brothers, and relations of whatever degree, not alone the Maid's family, not alone France, but indeed the world is indebted; for the sacrilegious injustice done to the peasant girl at Rouen, was an injustice done to universal humankind.

At Rouen, in December, 1455, and in May, 1456, nineteen witnesses were examined. During January and February, 1456, a commission, visiting the Maid's home at Domremy, and the scene of her first entrance into public life, Vaucouleurs, interrogated thirty-four men and women, gray heads or gray beards, who, as children, or grown-up folks, had known her familiarly. Forty-one testified at Orléans, in February and March of the same year, and no less than twenty at Paris, during April and May. Sworn on the Holy Gospels to tell the truth, giving ear neither to love nor to hate, neither to interest, fear, nor favor, these one hundred and fourteen witnesses have left a record unique among the legal reports of moderns or ancients—a record moving a reader, now with wonder, now with joy, now with love, admiration, enthusiasm; now with hot indignation, and, again and again, to compassionate tears. Telling the story of the Maid I have used this record, but here I shall more fully set

forth details confirming Jeanne's virtues, mission, innocence, and the guile, the perfidy, the perjury, the profligacy, the atrocious villainy of those who conspired to take her life, and who did, sacrilegiously, murder her in the market-place at Rouen.

Opening the case on November 17, 1455, Pierre Maugier announced that his clients would make charges only against Cauchon and his chief assistants. The consultors who had voted for the Maid's condemnation he dismissed as dupes, or as cowards, who, fearing bodily chastisement, or exile, or a dungeon, or loss of place, or life, voted against their conscience to please the English. That many had reason to fear was proven beyond question. The Earl of Warwick, tutor of the boy King, Henry VI., was the Maid's jailor. To consummate the judicial murder of the girl who had vanquished the English on so many fields, Warwick organized a reign of terror in Rouen. Nicolas de Houppesville was summoned as a consultor. In conversation, he ventured to find fault with the method of procedure. Cauchon, not satisfied with refusing him admission to the court, imprisoned him. Guillaume de la Chambre signed the false record of the process, constrained and forced thereto by Cauchon. Because the friar, Isambard de la Pierre, the good soul who held up the crucifix before Jeanne, while the flames con-

sumed her incorrupted body, endeavored to bring out the precise meaning of certain answers she made to insidious questions, he was silenced, Warwick threatening to fling him into the Seine. Masters Minier, de Grouchet and Pigalle received a public reprimand for interrogating the Maid in a way that would permit her to explain the true intent of her testimony. Jean de la Fontaine, fearing they would condemn the Maid to death, gained admittance to the jail, and advised her to offer to submit to the Church and to a general council. So violent were the threats of Cauchon and Warwick when they heard of de la Fontaine's charitable act, that, believing his life in danger, he fled from the city. Jean de Chatillon, suspected of doubting the validity of the process, was ordered to absent himself from the sessions of the court. Doctor Jean Lohier, a canonist of repute, received an invitation from Cauchon, shortly after the opening of the trial, to review the evidence and to express an opinion thereon. Lohier, as honest as he was learned, pointing out the error and defects of the proceedings, declared them radically invalid. Not caring to die by drowning—they threatened him with the Seine—Lohier, like de la Fontaine, ran away. Pierre Migiet was summoned before the Cardinal of Winchester to answer an accusation of being favorable to the Maid. Fearing for

his life, he excused himself, and was permitted to go free.

Justice at Rouen, there was none. In the presence of Lord Talbot some one dared to speak fairly of the Maid's career. Drawing his sword the English noble would have killed the rash man on the spot had he not taken flight. Talbot pursued him, and he owed his life only to his escape into a holy place where he could claim the right of sanctuary. It was this very Talbot that met a memorable death on the field at Chatillon twenty-two years later. Wounded in the thigh, he fell from his horse. A company of French bowmen, surrounded him. He begged for his life, offering a ransom of gold. The French did not recognize him. They were giving no quarter. On the field of Chatillon there was no holy place, no right of sanctuary. On rushed the soldiers, each one anxious to have a hand in the execution of a public enemy of France; and as they willed, they did. Count his wounds—no man could.

Considering the many proofs of the tyranny exercised by Talbot, Warwick, Winchester and Cauchon, we cannot doubt the truth of the testimony of Guillaume Manchon, the chief clerk during the mock trial, who asserted there was not one among the consultants, chosen by the Bishop of Beauvais, that did not act through fear. Because they were evidently not free

agents, the counsel for the Maid's mother and family declined to pursue the consultors legally, as we have seen; adding that, not only were they coerced but also duped. I have not hitherto fully exposed or duly reprobated the infamous methods of Cauchon and of his English masters. The story of how he duped learned and clever clerics, not excepting the doctors of the University of Paris, is almost incredible.

Besides Manchon, one Boisguillaume, and one Taquely, were appointed to report the testimony taken at the mock trial of the Maid. No person had accused her of any crime. There was not even ground for a suspicion of crime; nay, more, when the court was organized, there was good ground for believing her to be a thoroughly good, if not a saintly, woman. The commission despatched by Cauchon to Jeanne's home gathered no testimony that was not most favorable to her. Baulked in his effort thus to lay the foundation for charges against the Maid, Cauchon destroyed the evidence that should have freed her from jail, and so deprived the consultors of knowledge that should have been committed to them. Seventy-two articles of accusations, it will be remembered, were originally presented to the consultors for their consideration, and they were led to believe that these articles were based on the Maid's own testimony. Manchon, Boisguillaume and Taquely knew that

these articles, and the twelve articles that were subsequently introduced, were a fraud upon the consultors as well as upon the accused. During the process, with Cauchon's connivance, and at the instigation of the English, a body of unofficial clerks, concealed in the embrasure of a window, behind curtains, made a special report. Their instructions were to record only such answers as could be construed unfavorably to Jeanne. The men who would consent to be parties to such a devilish injustice were not above forging answers which the girl did not utter. Not satisfied with manufacturing these lying records, Cauchon insisted on falsifying the record which he pretended to recognize as official. Neither Manchon nor his assistants were permitted to set down the questions or answers truthfully. Cauchon controlled the text, ordering them to suppress whatsoever displeased him. Out of the forged text and the falsified text, Cauchon concocted the Twelve Articles. He knew they were fraudulent, for Manchon, comparing them with his own false record, noted in the margin many perversions. Though Cauchon read these corrections, he modified in nowise the lying text he had maliciously devised; and this lying indictment it was that, without ever reading it to the girl whose life depended on it, he submitted to the consultors at Rouen and elsewhere, and to the theologians of the University

of Paris. How they could conscientiously give a verdict, not having in their hands a single word of the Maid's testimony, is not easily explained; but the fact is, that they convicted her solely on the forged and fraudulent articles purposely contrived to cheat them, and to ruin her.

As we stood in the market-place at Rouen, by the pyre, and looked upon the girl, all aflame, and prayed and wept as she pleaded: "Jesu! Jesu!" I pointed to the inscription that surmounted the stake. You have not forgotten it: "Jeanne, who named herself the Maid, a liar, a pernicious woman, a deceiver of the people, a sorceress, a superstitious woman, a blasphemer of God, a presumptuous woman, an unbeliever, a boaster, an idolatrous, a cruel, a dissolute woman, an invocatrix of devils, apostate, schismatic and heretic." After we had read this inscription, I denounced it as "a lie—every word a lie." Did I exaggerate? Nay, more, when denouncing the men who devised the iniquitous inscription, I branded them as "liars, pernicious men, deceivers of the people, presumptuous and cruel," was I not most moderate in expression? As I develop the whole truth concerning the character and doings of Jeanne d'Arc, and further record the details of her inhuman persecution, I believe that you will, with one voice, declare that the authors of the foul inscription

deserved, and deserve, the most solemn execration.

From the day that Jeanne first appeared at Orléans, the English had but one name for her; a shameful name, befitting only the woman Jeanne was pursuing when St. Catharine's sword broke in her hands. After they had the Maid in their power, one can guess how they vilified her. Nobles, and even such a cleric as Jean d'Estivet—whose corpse was found in a sewer—did not spare her. And yet Cauchon knew she was chaste. Twice had her virginity been juridically established at Chinon, and once again at Rouen. With malice he concealed his knowledge from the consultors. The testimony of the soldiers who fought alongside of her is beautiful to read. "All the men at arms looked upon Jeanne as a saint," said one, under oath. "I was inflamed by her words and by the divine love that was in her," Jean de Metz testified, one of the brave fellows who accompanied her on the road from Vaucouleurs to Chinon. Bertrand de Poulangy, another of the party, swore that, when she spoke, he felt himself enthused. "For me," he added, "she was a messenger from God. She inspired me with reverence." Need we quote the testimony of Pasquerel, the Maid's chaplain from her entrance into Blois until her capture, that "she was filled with all the virtues." Had the English done no worse than vilify a helpless

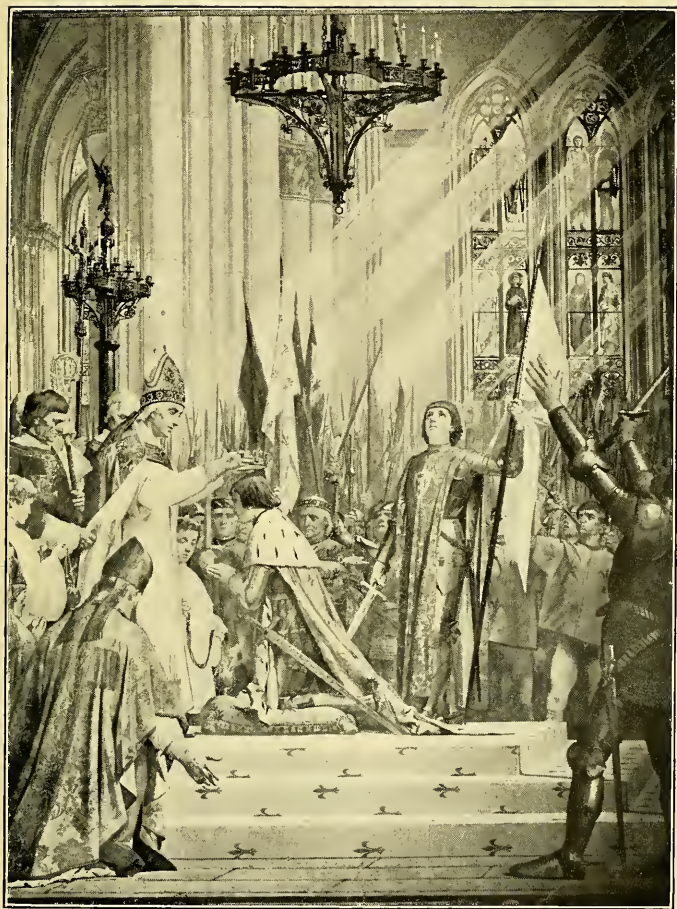
girl, so godly, so stainless, it were shame enough; but they did worse. Cauchon persecuted her, as I have related, because she would not put off male apparel. Her reason for refusing to change her dress was evident. Why did she prefer to be deprived of the sacraments rather than do Cauchon's bidding? He knew, as Warwick knew; for she had told them both, that, more than once, attempts had been made to despoil her of the virtue she so highly esteemed. The excuse for condemning the Maid to death was her resumption of the man's dress she had, most unwillingly, laid aside. Still, Cauchon, who reopened the case against her, and who hurried her conviction, had her word for it, that the violence of a brute of an English lord had compelled her to do as, prudently, she had done.

When I expressed my belief that you would, ere long, unanimously declare that the cowards who so belied Jeanne the Maid, deserved, and deserve the most solemn execration, I did not do justice to the feelings of disgust, of horror, of righteous hate, that now possess your soul. "Justice!" exclaimed the sobbing mother, as she knelt before Rome's delegates, in the Cathedral of Our Lady of Paris. Was ever Justice—divine Justice—more justifiably invoked! If "the immaculate blood of innocence oppressed cries out before the throne of the Lord," how loudly the mother's appeal: "Justice!" must have re-

sounded, as piercing the floor of heaven, it filled the court of the Most High God!

"She was good, simple, gentle; she was so good, and I loved her so much; everybody loved her:" thus three of Jeanne's girl playmates testified; and one related that their dear little friend "would gather in the poor, and lie down in the corner by the hearth so that they might sleep in her bed." "Everything that a good Christian should love, she loved," said a brave French nobleman, who had fought by her side; "she heard Mass every day that she could." Her page avouched that rarely did she eat more than twice in the day; "sometimes she ate but once, making a meal on a morsel of bread." "When she confessed, she wept," her chaplain testified, adding this beautiful trait: "she loved to go to communion with little children." And from another source we learn that, "at the sight of the body of Our Lord, she often wept with an abundance of tears." Do you wonder that the Maid's heart outlived the fiery flames?

The marvellous story of Jeanne's military career, I have scantily told. There are men, who, pretending to believe in some sort of a God, still decline to endow their Supreme Being with a provident omnipotence. These illogical intellects cannot deny, they cannot even question the truth as proven by witness after witness. What explanation shall they give of the astounding



JOAN OF ARC AT THE CONSECRATION OF THE KING
Leprieux, The Panthéon

achievements of the Maid? Only those who court ridicule would fall back on the convenient, though overworked, theory of hysteria. Thus the more sensitive and cautious sophists must be content with acknowledging that they are face to face with the inexplicable. The brave Bastard of Orléans was in no such plight. He had fought many a hard fight before seeing Jeanne d'Arc. After her murder, he fought, north, south, east and west, until the English had all been driven out of France—all, except those who died on its soil. What intelligent leaders and bold, trained, men-at-arms could do, battling, the Bastard well knew. And yet, on his oath, he swore: "I believe that Jeanne was sent by God. . . . In her deeds I saw the finger of God." The Duke d'Alençon, a warrior born, and whom no one dare charge with a lack of experience or of independence, asserted that "the bastilles of the enemy (at Orléans) were taken by a miracle rather than by the force of arms." . . . "It was a work from on high, not a human work." A soldier who stood by her, time and again, on the field of battle, the Chevalier d'Aulon, averred that "all the deeds of the Maid seemed to him divine and miraculous rather than otherwise, and that it was impossible that a maid so young could do such deeds without the will and the direction of Our Lord." This was the "sorcery" for which the English burned Jeanne d'Arc; the

“sorcery” of victories, miraculous rather than human. And though the English were more cruel, they were not more unreasonable than are the sophists who close their eyes, lest they may see “the finger of God” directing the deeds of His child.

The defenders of the Maid’s honor before the Papal Court charged Cauchon and his colleagues with not less than one hundred and one violations of law and of equity. To Jeanne the Bishop of Beauvais had denied the right of having counsel; now, not a soul would consent to plead the cause of his dishonored honor. The Promoter of the diocese of Beauvais, summoned by the court, responded that: “while it seemed to him incredible that Cauchon had made use of the iniquitous methods charged in the one hundred and one articles of accusation, whatever might be the case, he submitted to the wisdom of the tribunal, and declined to put in an appearance.” Even the natural heirs of the unjust judge, though summoned, refused to attempt to palliate his guilt. Through counsel, they pleaded that the matter did not concern them; acknowledged that, from public report, they had good reasons for believing that Cauchon had acted as an English partisan; and they begged that whatever was done should not be to their prejudice, invoking the benefit of a certain armistice

granted by the king after the conquest of Normandy.

To seek to extenuate Cauchon's guilt would have been vain. The list of his crimes is endless. By the canon law, the Maid, being a minor, should have been represented by a guardian. Of this right she was deprived. All the examinations in the case should have been public. Many of them, as we have seen, were secret, and therefore lawless. The report of the trial, the falsified report which Cauchon stamped as official—was edited and attested long after Jeanne's death. I say "attested," though, in fact, Manchon and his assistants refused their signatures to a portion of the document. Describing the sad scene in the market-place of Rouen, I narrated that, having formally excommunicated the Maid, Cauchon handed her over to the secular power. By law, she should, thereupon, have been sentenced to death by the English officials. As if, however, the devil had devised that, from first to last, injustice should triumph at Rouen, no civil sentence was pronounced upon Jeanne, but incontinently, she was tied to the stake and burned. Tried without a legal indictment, by a judge who had no jurisdiction, upon charges that were based on no evidence, convicted by a jury whose members were either intimidated by threats, purchased by promises or money, or duped by a lying sum-

mary of a lying record; excommunicated sacrilegiously, and burned without even the form of a judicial sentence—such is the history of the infamous process, by means of which the English rid themselves of the young girl whom they hated and feared because of her glorious prowess, the gift of heaven and the reward of her virtue.

Some one has ventured to say that, excepting the iniquitous trial of the Redeemer of mankind, Jesus Christ, neither in any nation, nor at any time, has there been a trial so unrighteous, vicious, malevolent, so atrocious as that of Jeanne d'Arc. To disprove such a statement would be difficult, if not impossible. Still, however unrighteous the trial, and however atrocious the conviction and execution, the English were pleased with their work. Nine days after the Maid's execution, on the eighth of June, 1431, to wit, the royal Council of Henry VI., in the name of the King of England, addressed a letter: "To the Emperor, the kings, dukes, and other princes of the whole of Christendom," informing these personages that, under a judgment of the secular power, Jeanne had been burned at the stake, and that, seeing her end approach, she had confessed "that the spirits she claimed to have converse with, were evil and deceitful spirits." To the lies of the record, a royal lie must be added. Jeanne had not dis-

avowed her "voices." Cauchon, pretending that secretly, in his presence, she had done so, tacked on another falsehood to the record; but the clerks of the court refused their attestation to this unholy fiction. The royal Council, in the King's name, lied deliberately. Nor was the Council satisfied with a single public advertisement of its complicity in the murder at Rouen. Again, on the twenty-eighth of June, in the name of Henry VI., a second letter was despatched: "To the prelates of the Church, the dukes, counts and to the other nobles, and cities of his Kingdom of France." In this letter, the shocking truths and the falsehoods of the first were reiterated. Of the judicial murder of any man, or of any woman except Jeanne the Maid, has any government, other than Henry's, heralded its guilt, before the whole of Christendom? Not one. Good or evil, some spirit inspired the Maid's murderers to commit themselves irrevocably. And so doing, they exposed their malice, from the day they paid almost twice the ransom of a king for the living body of the peasant girl of Domremy, until the day on which they flung the ashes of her bones, with her bleeding heart, into the river Seine.

The policy followed by the King's Council, after Jeanne's death, was one of pure bravado. Conscious of the fraud, the forgery, the usurpa-

tion, the unparalleled infractions of canon law, of civil law, of natural law, through which they had effected their wicked purpose; and fearing, not merely the indignation of all just men, but also the juridical annulment of the lawless process, they sought to stifle the voice of justice by putting forward the English nation as the champion of the crime of Rouen. Their sense of guilt, their anxiety, are still more apparent in the extraordinary letter issued in the name of Henry VI., three days after the first letter, and sixteen days before the second letter, to which we have already referred. Assuming the blustering air of a bully, the royal Council hoped to intimidate not only the temporal princes of Christendom, but also the Vicar of Christ. By the document dated June 12, 1431, the King of England guaranteed that "if any of the judges, doctors, masters, clerics, promoters, advocates, counsellors, notaries or others who had been occupied with and had listened to the process (of the Maid), should, on account of the said process, be put on trial before our Holy Father the Pope, the general council or the commissioners and delegates of the Holy Father, or of the general council, or before others, we will in court and outside of it, aid and defend, and provide aid and defence for, all the aforesaid judges, masters, clerics, etc., and each one of them, at our proper cost and expense." The bad faith of

those who compassed the death of the Maid, this letter clinches. Had she been lawfully tried before a regularly constituted ecclesiastical court, why should the King of England guarantee to aid and defend the judges of that court against the Pope? Why promise aid not only in court, but also outside? Their threat is a confession of conscious guilt. The court they organized to convict Jeanne d'Arc was an English shambles, and in no wise a tribunal of the Church. Craftily and wickedly, they abused the forms of ecclesiastical law in order to take a life, which, under the forms of their civil law, might have escaped from even their vindictive hate.

Carefully and equitably the Papal delegates examined all this testimony. No less than eleven briefs of learned theologians and canonists, setting forth the facts of Jeanne's career or the irregularities of her trial, were presented to the court. From many experts, to whom all the evidence had been submitted, opinions were asked and received. Before deciding the case, Jean Bréhol was charged with the duty of exhibiting, in an orderly fashion, all the questions at issue, and of resolving them in accordance with the doctrine and canons of the Church. This charge Bréhol fulfilled, composing a masterly treatise of twenty-one chapters; a work of the most comprehensive and solid erudition. Having duly considered Bréhol's "Récollection," as the document

is officially called, the Pontifical delegates met in Rouen, and there held a public session on the first of July, 1456. On the following day the counsel for Jeanne's mother asked the court, heeding both the law and the evidence, to proclaim, in the name of the Holy See, the iniquity and the nullity of the original process, and to repair, beseeingly, the wrongs done to the memory and the honor of the blameless victim of that process.

Adjourning the court until the seventh of the month, the delegates meantime held further consultation with a number of the resident theologians. On the morning of the seventh, in the great hall of the episcopal palace of Rouen, the court held a solemn session, at eight o'clock—the very hour fixed for Jeanne's appearance in the market-place twenty-five years before. Besides the Papal delegates, the Maid's brother Pierre was present; and, with these, the counsel for the Maid's mother, the court officers, and fourteen clerics, theologians, and lawyers, sworn to witness to the terms of the judgment.

It was the Archbishop of Rheims, Jean Juvénal des Ursins, who read the decision of the court, whose tenor, in substance, is here set forth: "Desiring that this, our judgment, should emanate from the face of God, who weighs the souls of men, and who is the sole perfect arbiter, the sole absolutely infallible judge of His revela-

tions; who breathes where He wills, and who often chooses the feeblest to overturn the strongest, and who, in fine, abandons not, in the days of trial and tribulation, those who hope in Him. We have studiously deliberated, with men equally scrupulous, competent and experienced, on the records and conclusions of the process; and having acquainted ourselves with the solemn decisions of the learned men aforesaid, as formulated in treatises confirmed by references to many books, and in special *mémoires*; and having compared many spoken and written opinions dealing with the form as well as the matter of the process, . . . do say, and, justice requiring, we do declare, in the first place, that the Articles beginning with these words: 'A certain woman, etc., etc.,' were and are viciously, deceitfully, calumniously, fraudulently and maliciously compiled from the confessions and records of the trial of the deceased (Jeanne d'Arc); and we declare that the truth was suppressed, or misstated, so that, on essential points, those called as judges would be induced to hold an opinion contrary to that recorded; and we declare that many aggravating circumstances, that were not a part of the record, have been unlawfully added thereto, while, at the same time, many favorable and justificatory details have been omitted; and we say that the form of the expression was

altered in a manner affecting the sense of the ideas.

"Wherefore, considering the aforesaid article to be tainted with falsity, deceit, calumny, and to be wholly at variance with the confessions from which a pretence was made of extracting them, we quash them, destroy them, annul them, and we ordain that, having been torn out of the aforesaid record, they shall be here judicially lacerated.*

"And, in the second place, having diligently examined the other parts of the same record, and especially the two sentences therein contained; and having most carefully measured the character of those who judged Jeanne, and of those by whom she was detained, and having seen the appeals and requests, often repeated, by which Jeanne declared that she submitted herself and all her acts to the Holy Apostolic See, and demanded that the process be referred to the Sovereign Pontiff, and having examined an abjuration tainted with falsity and deceit; and having considered the treatises composed by experts in sacred and human law; and having given diligent attention to the whole and to each of the things that we had to see and to study, we, judges, sitting on our tribunal, and having God alone before our eyes, by this definitive sentence, which, and here we

* The portions of the record here referred to were not destroyed; they were, however, "lacerated."

solemnly utter and formulate, do say, pronounce, decree, that the aforesaid processes and sentences, with the abjuration, their execution and all that follows, are manifestly stained with deceit, calumny, iniquity, inconsequence, and with errors of law and of fact; and we declare that they have been, are, and shall be null, void, without value or effect; and moreover, inasmuch as need be, and as reason commands, we quash them, annul them, destroy them, and make them absolutely void.

“And we pronounce that neither Jeanne, nor her relatives, have contracted or incurred any note or mark of infamy through the said process, and we declare them, in the present and for the future, freed and cleared absolutely from all consequences of the said process: ordaining that the solemn intimation and execution of this, our sentence, shall ensue forthwith in this very city, in two places, to-day in the Place St. Ouen, after a general procession and a public sermon, and to-morrow in the old market-place, on the very spot where Jeanne was so cruelly and horribly smothered and burned. There a solemn sermon shall be preached, and a cross shall be planted in perpetuation of the memory of that honest girl and to excite the faithful to pray for her salvation, and for the salvation of all the dead.

“To ourselves we reserve the right of publicly

executing this sentence, in an impressive manner, and for the edification of future times, in the cities and other notable places of this Kingdom, as we shall judge expedient."

* * * * *

Gratefully, joyfully, I have listened to every word of the meet and equitable sentence pronounced by the Archbishop of Rheims. From the great hall I hasten, anxious to be among the first to reach the Place St. Ouen. On the way, I find myself repeating the words of Jean Thiesart: "We have burned a saint." I look upward, the skies open, and, with the eye of my spirit, I see into heaven. And there I behold, lovingly embraced, three beauteous figures. Surely I recognize them: Catharine and Margaret,—and Jeanne the Maid, armored with a heavenly armor. Then I remember the wise counsel of Catharine and Margaret on the eve of Compiègne: "Resignation to God's will, whatever come." A moment, and a new heaven opens, disclosing the archangel Michael and I feel that his glory is more dazzling than it was on that summer day, when, in the garden, by the church wall, the Maid heard a mysterious word breathed on the glowing air. No longer do I see. But in my ears resounds, and ever will resound, a chorus, not plaintive, not merry, and yet glad, whose refrain is: "Jesu! Jesu! Jesu!"

VII

IN PARADISE

Solemnly, into the Place St. Ouen, marched Jean d'Arc, the Maid's brother, and Jean Bréhol, with the bishops, the archbishop, and a lengthy procession of clerics, and of lay folk of high and low degree. The sentence of Rome's delegates, just pronounced in the archiepiscopal palace, is now formally promulgated. On that May day when a noisy rabble gathered here, expecting to see the brave and holy young girl burned, a preacher abused her publicly. Now, before a devout assembly, a preacher honors the Maid—model of Christian virtue as well as of Christian patriotism.

From the palace to the old fish-market, a like procession moved on the following day, the eighth of July. Yonder stood the pyre on which, horribly and cruelly, Jeanne was smothered and burned. Most equitably had the Papal court ordered that a preacher should also glorify her here; for was it not on this spot that Master Nicholas Midi used the shameful words: "Jeanne has returned to her errors and crimes, like a dog that returns to its vomit"? The cross of

expiation, ceremoniously raised, gave the lie to Nicholas Midi, for all time.

After the departure of the archbishop and of the bishops, the townfolk, in groups, listened eagerly to the reminiscences of those who had witnessed the Maid's execution. On the faith of the word of friar Isambard, who held up the crucifix so that Jeanne might look upon it while she had eyes to see, one of the elder men related a notable story. As you remember, when the fire raged, and the Maid's sufferings were the most harrowing, an English soldier threw a fresh fagot into the blaze. "Jesu!" cried the dying Maid, just then, "Jesu!" It was her final appeal to her loving friend. Down fell the soldier, as if struck by lightning. His fellows carried him off senseless. In the afternoon of the same day, penitent, he sought out the good friar, Isambard, and to him the soldier said that, believing the Maid to be as wicked as his leaders reported, he had sworn an oath to add a fagot to the pyre. His unchristian oath he had kept, but no sooner had the girl pronounced the name of Jesus, than a white dove rose from the flames and sped heavenward. He saw the dove, and forthwith his senses forsook him. To the friar he wished to confess his sins. The white dove was the soul of the Maid, he averred, and he would ever maintain that she was a good and valiant woman.



EXECUTION OF JOAN OF ARC AT ROUEN
Cordonnier, Luxembourg

Another group heard with new wonder the story of Jean Thiessart's lament and forebodings, as he left the market-place after the burning of the Maid. The narrative differed not at all from the one already recorded in these pages, except in a detail, which, purposely omitting heretofore, I shall now make known. When the secretary of the King of England halted one and another, on that sad day long ago, saying: "We have burned a saint, we are ruined," he paused for a moment only. Then he uttered a sentence more startling than the first: "I believe her soul is in the hand of God, and I believe that all those who adhered to her condemnation are damned." Thus he spoke. Well may those who now listen to Jean Thiessart's words turn their eyes to heaven, with a feeling of awe. And yet, remembering the saying of the secretary of the King of England, we should likewise remember that the cross raised a moment ago on the spot where the Maid's incorrupted body was burned, is not merely a memorial of the honest girl. Before it, we have been invited by the Papal delegates to pray, not for her soul alone, but also for the salvation of all the other dead. The Church is merciful, with the mercy of her founder, the crucified Christ. Still, the words of Jean Thies-sart one can never forget.

Thirteen days after the ceremonious promulgation of the sentence of the Apostolic judges in

the market-place at Rouen, Paris witnessed a similar scene, the Bishop of Coutances and Jean Bréhol leading the procession. Elsewhere in the cities and towns, honors were paid to the Maid's memory, and religious services were performed in expiation of the crime done against her person and her fame. Not at Rouen alone was a cross upreared; and it pleases us to believe the tradition that the stone cross which still stands in the Forest of St. Germain near Poissy, was a tribute from the gallant Bastard of Orléans, who saw "the finger of God" in all Jeanne's works.

"Maid of Orleans" is a name she has long borne. When others neglected her, the good people of the city she miraculously freed from the enemies of France did not prove ungrateful. Year after year, ever since the deliverance of the city in 1429, on each eighth of May, up to the year 1793, clergy and people, bearing lighted candles, made pious stations along the route by which she led the men-at-arms, in God's name, to victory most glorious. On the morrow holy Mass was offered up for the repose of the souls of those who had died for their country. A miracle-play ended the celebration. After France had been united, towards the close of the fifteenth century, the eldest son of Pierre d'Arc, Jeanne's elder brother, every year came to Orléans to hold the first place in the procession. Before

him an acolyte bore a great candle of white wax, on which was painted a portrait of the Maid. The revolutionaries of 1793, neither could nor would recognize a patriotism inspired by the God from whom Jeanne received a mission to save France. During ten years the people of Orléans dared not, candle in hand, with hymn and prayer, celebrate the eighth of May. It was Napoleon, who, petitioned by Mgr. Bernier, bishop at the time, permitted the inhabitants of the city to renew the religious ceremonies of the old days. Since May, 1803, with much pomp, Jeanne's marvellous deed has been yearly commemorated. On the evening of the seventh, the chief magistrate of the city, accompanied by civilians, carries the Maid's standard to the cathedral. There the bishop, in full pontificals, receives it, and, amid the ringing of bells, the booming of cannon, sounds of martial music, and the chant of the Church, bears it to a place of honor. After Mass, on the morning of the eighth, a panegyric of Jeanne is preached in the cathedral, and then a devout procession files through the city to the site of the strong fortress the Maid captured on the evening of the seventh of May, 1429,—the fortress she would not have captured had she not forced the gates of Orléans against the will of the royal Council and with slight respect for the trusty nobleman whom

they had ordered to block the way of the "child of God."

Even with Cauchon's example before us, and with the recollection of the king's long neglect, not to say ingratitude, we shall find it hard to understand how, little more than a century after the judgment of the Papal court at Rouen, Frenchmen could have shown enmity to the benefactress of France. And yet it is a fact that Frenchmen pretending to be the truest of patriots because of their profession of love for Christ, and because of their real hatred for His Church, dishonored the memory of the heroine that brought to Orléans "the best succor ever sent to knight or to city—the succor of the King of Heaven." Patriots, no man will call them; and still less, Christians.

In 1567, the Huguenots captured Orléans. On the bridge connecting the city with the left bank of the Loire, the people of Orléans had, gratefully and reverently, raised a monument to the Maid, a hundred years earlier. The artistic value of this monument, we cannot determine. It was of bronze, we know. Never did a Huguenot conceive a memorial more patriotic or more Christian. At the foot of a cross, from which, pitifully, Christ looked down, the Maid knelt. Nigh to the bleeding body of her Divine Son stood the Virgin Mother, Mary, sorrowing. Facing Jeanne, knelt the king of united France,

Charles VII. To civilized men, because of the portraits of the king who had made France and of the chaste and brave girl who crowned him,—if for no other reason—this monument should have appealed as an historical record. Of the King, the Huguenots were not wholly inconsiderate; but upon the effigies of the Mother of our Redeemer and of the Maid of Orléans, they had no mercy. One and the other they smashed. Three years later, freed from the Huguenots, the good people of Orléans mended the statue of the King, and recast the statue of the Maid. Modifying the group, they replaced the Mater Dolorosa with a Pietà; a seated figure of the Mother bearing in her lap the body of the dead Christ. Unmoved, this monument stood for one hundred and seventy-five years; then, on account of the insecurity of the bridge, it was transferred to the town hall, and there it remained until 1771. From this date until 1792, Jeanne's memorial was the chief ornament of one of the public places. In 1792, another set of barbarians,—sectaries, forsooth, of "Fraternity"—dominated Orléans. They spared neither Christ nor the Virgin nor Jeanne. The monument was broken to pieces, melted and moulded into cannon. As the Huguenots showed some consideration for the King, so the revolutionaries were polite to the saviour of France. Officially they dubbed one of the cannon: "Jeanne d'Arc, sur-named the Maid of Orléans."

The era of a barbarous "Fraternity" having closed, a public subscription for a statue of Jeanne was opened by the authorities of Orléans, with the approval of Napoleon. Though more than one statue now testifies to the lasting gratitude of the citizens, Orléans possesses no monument as becoming as that which the Huguenots battered and shattered, or that which the Revolution demolished.

Like the monument at Orléans, Jeanne's fame has experienced many ups and downs. Notwithstanding the publicity given to the sentence of the delegates of the Holy See; notwithstanding the processions and the crosses; notwithstanding the written records, there were chroniclers and historians and poets and playwrights who continued to defame the pious and valiant Maid. The Burgundians, in France, the English, in their land, slighted her virtues and denied her mission. She was pictured as a sham warrior, a mere tool of Charles VII., who manipulated her so as to fool superstitious soldiers into fighting for a desperate cause. Quickly was the memory of her noble life and marvellous deeds forgotten by men who pretended to learning and to critical powers. Slowly did even Frenchmen, as a nation, learn what Jean Bréhol and the judges at Rouen had set down in writing on the seventh of July, 1456.

Nor was it the English alone who, scouting

her mission, did not spare even the reputation of the chaste Maid. Jean d'Estive, of the foul tongue, left emulators behind him. To Shakespeare one could pardon what no honest man has ever pardoned in the unpatriotic, treacherous, mercenary and rotten "genius," Voltaire. His infamous poem, not the least of his infamies, even a "free-thinker" of our day has denounced as "a most sacrilegious debauch." A saint, however perfect, leaves at least one enemy on earth, an enemy that never dies, the debauchee,—true "devil's advocate."

Slowly, during the centuries, even in France, did the literate class learn as much about the Maid as the peasants of Vaucouleurs and Chinon knew, I might say, instinctively. The tradition of Jeanne's holiness, of her brave deeds, of her saving the country, had not been lost by the simple people; but it was only in the nineteenth century that the cultured acquired a full knowledge of her amazing career, her lovable qualities, and the villainous malice of which she was the victim. Now, she is not only a heroine of France, but also of the world; admired, loved in every land, even in England.

Except as a "child of God," charged by Heaven with a providential mission, the career of Jeanne is inexplicable. The proof of her claims, as well as of her acts, is so clear and abundant that book-making infidels can cover

their discomfiture only by sentimental laudations of a girl, who must have honestly, if unreasonably, cheated herself into believing that she was chosen by God to do His work. Indeed, the problem that confuses the infidel, worried so good a Catholic as the English historian, Lingard.

When did Jeanne's mission end? Not a few argue that, having crowned Charles at Rheims, she had fulfilled the whole design of the King of Heaven. Her capture and death are presented as proofs of this argument. Jeanne herself held otherwise. She did not lay down her arms, even when St. Catharine and St. Margaret let her know that she would fall into the hands of the enemy. As boldly as ever, she fought. Her death on the pyre, she did not foresee until the very last. As late as the fourteenth of March, 1431, she looked for a deliverance from jail. "St Catharine has promised me aid," said Jeanne "Whether I shall be delivered from prison, or whether, during the trial, something will happen and I shall be set free, I know not; but I think it will be one or the other." What follows is worthy of reflection: "My 'voices' tell me that I shall be delivered by a great victory; and they say to me: 'Accept everything with resignation; do not trouble about your martyrdom, you will at length enter the Kingdom of Paradise.' My voices tell me this simply and

absolutely; it is infallibly true. By 'martyrdom,' I understand the pain and adversity I suffer in my prison. Whether I shall suffer a greater one, I know not; but I leave that to our Lord."

On the pyre, Jeanne understood the full meaning of her "voices." "No," she cried out, after joyously hailing St. Michael, "No, my 'voices' did not deceive me, my mission was from God. Jesu! Jesu!" That one should have a mission to crown a king, is quite intelligible to some people. How much greater the mission to reach the Kingdom of Paradise through martyrdom!

Jeanne did more than unite a kingdom, or crown a king: she revived religion and Christian morality in France. Her example was even grander than her victories. Has the effect of that example terminated? No; her mission did not close at Rheims. It began, truly, at the moment in which the wicked, though not impenitent, soldier saw the white dove spread its wings above the flame and fly to a heavenly home. The mission of a saint has no ending. God's design men shall know only as it is disclosed at the appointed times.

Differing as to the extent of her mission, or even refusing to acknowledge its supernatural character, none the less have the critical, the doubting, the unbelieving, been compelled to admire the chaste, the believing, the valorous girl, who, murdered at nineteen, left a record unique

in modern times. One need be neither a woman, nor young, and yet, reading the true life of the Maid, join her three playmates in saying: "She was so good and simple and sweet that I love her." Soldiers to-day are inspired by "the divine love that was in her," as were Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Pouligny, when they fought under her glorious banner. And how many there are who, though not men-at-arms, and though they hear only a faint echo of her voice, cannot help repeating with Bertrand, that "for us she is a messenger of God," and "a saint"; or, with the chivalrous Bastard of Orléans, that: "We believe Jeanne was sent by God!"

Literature and art, soiled as they have been by familiarity with the unclean, owe much to the ideal of cleanliness typified by Jeanne d'Arc—warrior, conqueror, victim, virgin. All the arts have paid homage to the Maid. Who shall say that her mission does not include the purification of "culture," outside as well as inside of France! On the feast of the Epiphany, Jeanne was born; as if it had been preordained that she, above others, should help to show forth the virtues of the Master of the wise, as well as the majesty of the King of Kings.

However slighted, misrepresented or misunderstood elsewhere, the clergy and people of Orléans, when they were free, always cherished the Maid's memory, as we have seen; and always

extolled her great, good deeds. During this century, the most eloquent orators, the most illustrious among the hierarchy, have vied one with another in celebrating, exalting, blazoning, the fame of the peasant girl of Arc. In the cathedral pulpit, foreigners have joined with Frenchmen in expiating the crime of Cauchon and of his English accomplices. From Orléans came the first formal appeal to Rome, where Jeanne's wrongs have been righted, to adjudicate her sanctity, and to elevate to the altar the despised and disgraced peasant who was burned to ashes,—all except her heart,—in the Rouen fish-market.

This appeal, initiated on May the eighth, 1869, by the renowned Mgr. Dupanloup, who then added dignity to the See of Orléans, was supported by twelve other members of the French hierarchy. Pius IX., of happy memory, graciously received their petition, and authorized Mgr. Dupanloup to open a judicial process, according to the regular forms of the Church. Owing to the Franco-Prussian war, the "Process of the Ordinary" was not begun until 1874. Two years later the records of this preliminary inquiry were carried to Rome by the Bishop of Orléans and there committed to the Congregation of Rites. After the death of the eminent Dupanloup, his successor, Mgr. Coullié, instituted a second Process of the Ordinary, with

the purpose of firmly establishing the heroism of the virtues practised by Jeanne. The official minutes of the second investigation reached Rome only in December, 1885. Three years later, still another inquiry was prescribed by the bishop, a complementary process intended to discover whether miracles had been performed through the Maid's intercession, and, if so, to authenticate them by indisputable evidence. Meantime the Catholic world had not been silent. From near and far the Apostolic See was petitioned to expedite the cause of the Maid; no less than fifteen cardinals, twenty-three archbishops, one hundred and eighty-three bishops, ten cathedral chapters and eight generals of religious orders uniting in this prayer.

The process of the Maid had at length reached the stage at which the Congregation of Rites could posit the question: Is the cause of Jeanne d'Arc, as presented, in a condition allowing it to be officially introduced into the court of Rome? All the documents were submitted to the promoter of the Faith, Mgr. Coprara, and his objections having been duly answered by the advocates of the cause, a printed copy of the whole process was placed in the hands of each member of the Congregation, early in January, 1894. Following the custom, at least forty days should have elapsed before the cardinals voted on the question: Should the commission of the intro-

duction of the cause be signed? On the answer to this question, much depended. An affirmative, provided the Holy Father confirmed it by his signature, would "assure the world that the fame of Jeanne d'Arc's sanctity had been judicially approved, and that henceforth she might be saluted as Venerable.

The mind of His Holiness, Leo XIII., was revealed by his action convoking the Congregation of Rites in an extraordinary session on the twenty-seventh of January, 1894, long prior to the expiration of the customary forty days. The report of the cause having been presented by Cardinal Parocchi, a ballot was taken, and by a unanimous vote the question proposed was decided in the affirmative. Forthwith a decree was drawn up by the Prefect of the Congregation, Cardinal Aloisi Masella, and signed by the Pope.

"Venerable Servant of God," such was the title conferred upon the Maid by the act of the Congregation and of His Holiness, as the decree of January, 1894, specified. The process for her beatification was next in order. Discussing the preliminaries in the cause of the Maid's beatification, on the fifth of May, 1896, after listening to the report presented by Cardinal Parocchi, the Congregation of Rites determined that no unauthorized public worship of Jeanne precluded the Holy See from considering the cause for her beatification.

On April 11, 1909, the Maid was declared blessed by His Holiness Pope Pius X. and on April 5, 1919, took place the solemn reading of the decree of approval of the miracles for the canonization of the Blessed Jeanne. The reading of the decree *de tuto* may be expected quite soon, and the canonization itself possibly in the autumn.

* * * * *

“Shed no tears for the Maid! The children of her Lord, neither men nor women, need weep for her. Believe firmly that the God of Heaven will aid her still. He is the God of Majesty, and bears in the palm of His hand the globe of the world, from generation to generation.” Thus, when some grieved over Jeanne, as we looked upon her while the flames consumed her youthful body, I ventured confidently, to speak. Had I no other ground for my confidence, I should have depended on the promise of Michael, Margaret and Catharine, when, after three years of urging, they finally insisted that she should seek out the King of France and free the Kingdom. “How shall I,” she asked of her heavenly guides, “how shall I, who am only a peasant girl, give orders to men-at-arms?” Their answer was: “Child of God, great-hearted child, you needs must go; God will aid you!” The promise was not for a day. You have seen it hold good

until the Maid entered Paradise; you see it hold good now, the Maid being in Paradise.

Her saints promised her heaven if she bore her "martyrdom" with resignation, and Jeanne believed them as infallible. How and why she believed, let us see. The judges asked her this question: "Since your 'voices' have foretold that you shall enter Paradise, do you hold it for certain that you shall be saved, and that you shall not be damned in hell?" Then the Maid answered: "I believe firmly, just as my voices have said to me, that I shall be saved, provided that I preserve my virginity of body and soul." Most certainly the answer of a saint! God was with Jeanne d'Arc, and she was with God. The aid He wondrously favored her with in battle was not His only favor to the "child of God," nor was it the most noteworthy. Neither the rescue of Orléans, nor the coronation of Rheims, nor the awakening of France, nor the injustices suffered at Rouen; neither patriotism nor gallantry, alone, could have won for Jeanne the title of "Saint." Virtue, heroic virtue, obtained this glorious guerdon for the Maid of Orleans; and none receive a recompense so great except those whom God has aided constantly.

The executioner trembled as he looked upon the Maid's bleeding heart; nor could the waters hide it from his view. To-day I see it, as you do, as he did. The Seine has not hidden the

heart from our sight. Firm it is and whole, unscathed by the blaze of burning wood, oil and sulphur. As we scan it no fear moves us, but rather reverence, mingled with gratitude and with a gentle joy. Was the red, unblemished heart a sign? more than one bystander asked, before it was flung, all bleeding, into the river. None dared answer then; but now we may frankly and securely maintain that the ruddy heart was a sign,—a sign that, with the white dove, the heroic, virginal soul of Jeanne d'Arc, darting from the hot flames at Rouen, swiftly sought and rapturously entered through the gates of Paradise.

THE END.

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